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"The Skins Are then Gathered up and Carried to the Salting House and Packed in Coarse Salt."

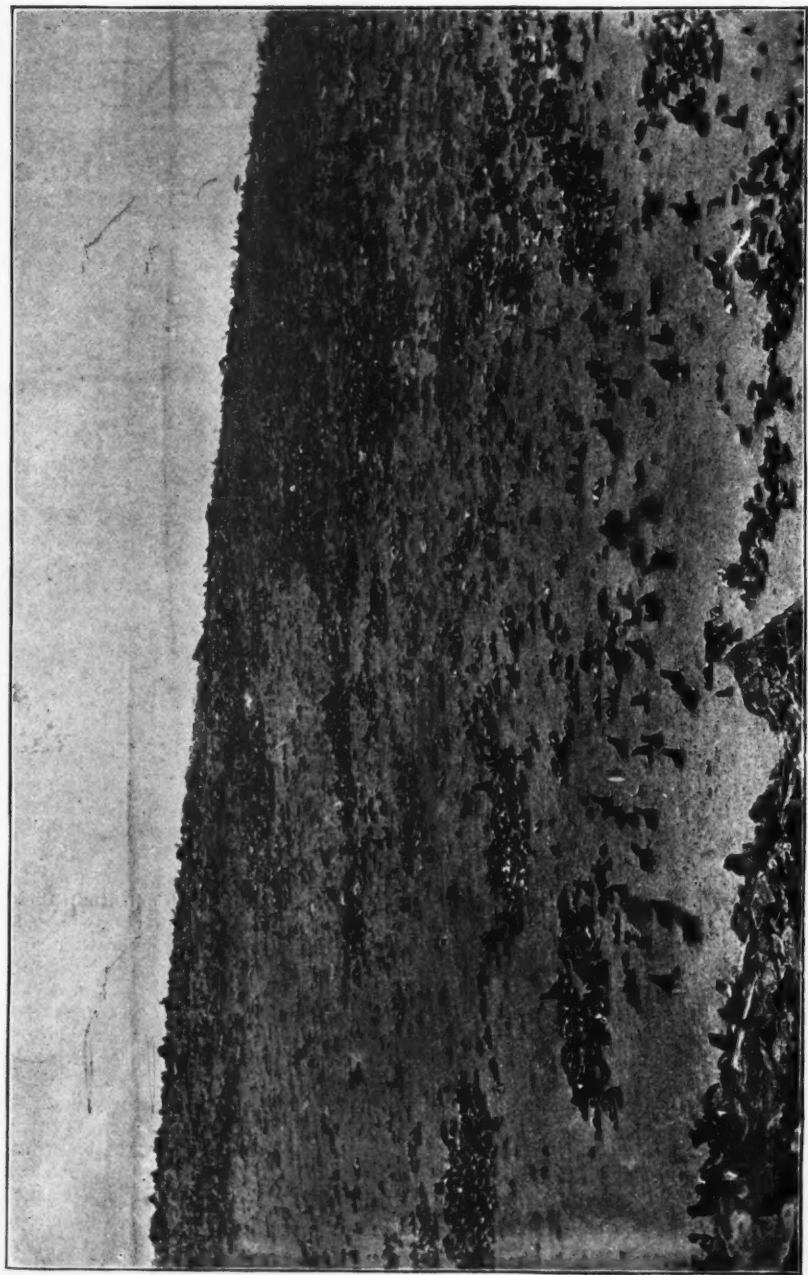
WITH THE FUR-SEAL HUNTERS

BY W. O. EMERY.



IN 1867 the United States purchased from Russia for the sum of \$7,200,000 all of Northwestern America extending from 140° W. Long. to Behring Straits and including the Kodiak, Aleutian and Pribilof Islands. These last are a group of small islands in the northern part of Behring sea and the largest of them, St. Paul and St. George, are immense seal rookeries. Every year fur-seal to an estimated number of five millions congregate on these two islands and breed; the females here giving birth to and caring for their young till they are able to take care of themselves.

The males, or bulls, do not attain their full growth till they are eight years old, at which time they average about ten feet in length, with a girth of from seven to nine feet and weighing, when in good condition, over 1000 pounds. The females, or cows, attain their growth in four years and are from four to five feet in length, girth three feet and weight about 350 pounds. These fur-seal differ from the hair-seal, principally, in that they have no legs but powerful, black fin-like appendages called flippers, one at each shoulder and two being a continuation of the body and called tail flippers. Their fur is light brown in color thickly sprinkled with long, grey hairs, and they have a small graceful head and large intelligent brown eyes.



"It is Estimated that Three Million Seals Congregate on St. Paul Island During the Breeding Season."

The old bulls begin to arrive at the islands about the middle of April of each year and by the middle of June are all in their respective rookeries and waiting for their dilatory mates, which in company with the younger males, do not begin to arrive in any numbers till the first of August. As soon as the young bulls land they are attacked by the old "wigs" and driven back into the sea or into the uplands away from the "rookeries."

These rookeries are little spaces of ground or rocks, about twenty feet square

each day and diving into the sea brings them fish for food. As they grow older they are left pretty much to themselves, the old one being gone several days at a time, for there seems to be but little affection on their part for their young.

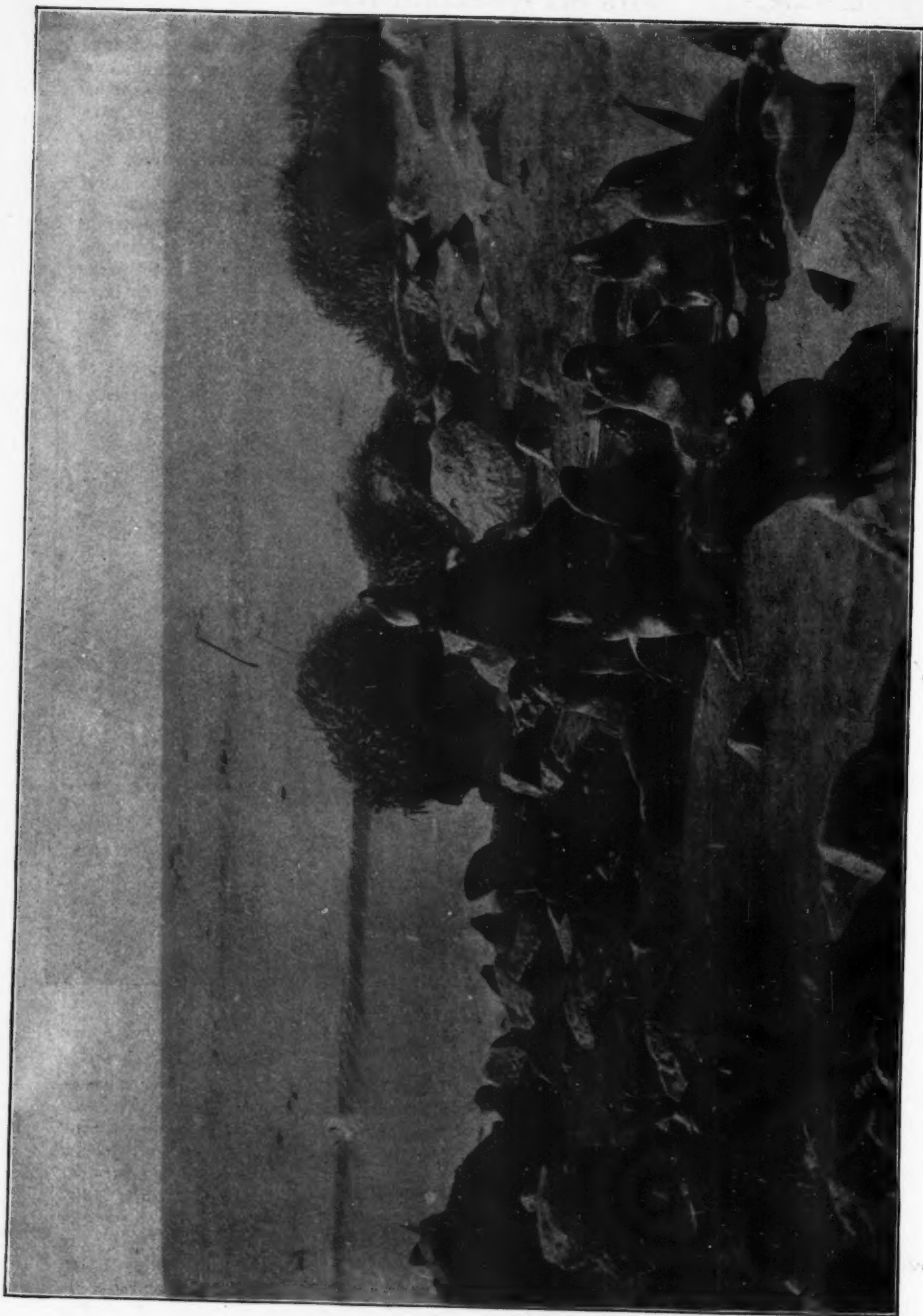
About the age of three months they take their first lessons in swimming, for strange as it may seem, a young pup seal will drown if dropped into the water. They are very much afraid of getting a wetting at first and their mothers have to carry them, as a cat does a kitten, and



North American Commercial Company's Buildings at Dutch Harbor on Unalaska Island.

which the bull-seal clear off and level up and in which they reign supreme till after the mating period. Soon after reaching the islands the female seal give birth to their young. As a rule each seal has two "pups" weighing about six pounds each though occasionally there is but one. These pups when born are almost as helpless as infants and should they lose their mother during the first three months of their lives are sure to starve to death. The first month they subsist entirely on milk. After that the mother leaves them

throw them into the sea, following them in and supporting them with her flippers as she teaches them the art she is so proficient in herself. There is no inhabitant of the sea that can handle itself with as much ease and dexterity as the fur-seal when in its native element. Their powerful propellers enable them to overtake the swiftest fish and they only fall a prey themselves to sharks and "killers" because they become confused and double backward and forward instead of seeking safety in a straight flight. The mother



"During this time, the old Bulls have been busy collecting their Mates till each Little Rookery contains a Harem of Ten or Fifteen Females."

keeps up her daily lessons with the pups till they are able to secure their own food and then she leaves them to shift for themselves and pays no more attention to them.

During this time the old bulls have been busy collecting their mates, till each little rookery contains a harem of ten or fifteen females. The cows leave every day or two for fish but the males take no food during the three or four months they are in their rookeries. Their position as lord of the harem is very insecure and is only retained by continual warfare with the younger bulls. Should they leave their "castle," even for a short time, they would find an usurper on their return who could only be ousted after a long and bloody combat.

When they leave the islands after the breeding season, this continual fighting and their long fast has reduced them to nearly one-half their original size. Sometimes a young cow will look with favor on some neighboring bull and slip quietly over to his corral for a short visit. As soon though as her absence is discovered, her lord and master goes after her and seizing her by the neck with his teeth, flogs her all the way home with his powerful flippers. Sometimes the neighbor she has been coquetting with comes to her assistance and a fierce struggle ensues in which the poor cow gets the worst of it, generally losing her life in the fight. One will catch her by the head and the other by the tail flippers, then they will surge and pull, each trying to force her to accompany him till she is finally torn to pieces. Sometimes then the rivals quietly return to their own wives and sometimes they have a battle over her body.

After the breeding season the herds leave the islands on their annual migrations during which they leave Behring Sea and pass out into the broad Pacific remaining there till time to return the following year.

It is during the late summer months and early fall that the fur company properly authorized secures their seal skins. The first charter for killing fur-seal on these islands was granted in 1799 by Emperor Paul VIII. to a Russo-American fur company for a term of forty years. This was known as the Alaska Fur Company and in addition to its sealing privi-

leges also had control of the fur trade on all the other islands in Behring Sea and on the mainland of Alaska. In 1839 this charter was renewed and extended almost up to the time the Alaskan possessions were ceded to the United States. In 1870 this company secured the sole right from our government to kill seal on St. Paul and St. George islands, subject to certain restrictions, paying for this privilege an annual rental of \$50,000 and \$2 duty for every skin shipped away from the islands. The principal restrictions were that only bull seal five years old and over should be killed, and the number to be taken was limited to 75,000 per year on St. Paul island and 25,000 on St. George. This number could be reduced if thought necessary for the welfare of the herd by the United States agents appointed to be present at the annual slaughter.

This charter for the Alaska Fur Company extended for twenty years and during that period their headquarters were located where they still remain, on the island of Unalaska, one of the largest of the Aleutian group near the mainland of Alaska. Here warehouses were built, also trading stores, homes for the company's white employees and cosy little cottages for the native assistants, the whole forming a neat settlement just back from the southern shore of beautiful Unalaska harbor. On account of the security of this harbor, it being almost completely land-locked, this island has been made a coaling station for the men-of-war patrolling Behring Sea. During the summer months one or more of their number can always be seen at anchor there or lying at one of the docks. On the expiration of the Alaska Fur Company's charter in 1890 a new contract was advertised by the government. This company secured a continuance of their control of the fur trade on the mainland and on the Kodiak and Aleutian islands, but the important and valuable privileges of the seal-fisheries of the Pribilof islands were bid in by a rival firm, the North American Commercial Company, they paying no annual rental but giving \$8.50 for every skin taken during their twenty years' contract. This company also established their headquarters on Unalaska island on one arm of the harbor called Dutch harbor, and now the little



island boasts of two rival settlements within a stone's throw of one another. The buildings and warehouses erected on St. Paul and St. George islands by the Alaska Fur Company reverted to the government on the expiration of their lease and were purchased by their successors.

On each of these islands lives a government inspector, one or two white employees of the fur company and a dozen or more Aleuts and their families. From the last of November till the middle of June they are hemmed in from the outside world by floating icebergs which gradually crystallize, during the frosts of winter, into solid walls about the islands. During this long, dreary winter they enjoy (?) a period of enforced idleness, but with the return of the seal in the summer their work begins, and from that time on till the herds depart in the fall, everything is bustle and excitement about the little settlements.

Accompanied by the inspector, the natives cross the islands to the rookeries each morning and with long, sharp prods separate the seal of proper age from the rest of the herd.

When in the water, fur-seal are the most cunning and wary of animals, extreme caution being required to get within gunshot of them. Their senses of hearing and smelling are wonderfully acute, the former catching the slightest sound for several hundred feet to leeward, and the latter detecting the approach of a hunter from windward when

" Soon the Entire Bunch is Stretched out and Ready for the Skinners."

fully a mile away. When wounded and drawn into a boat they exhibit great ferocity, sinking their teeth into everything within reach. Wounded bulls often attack sealing boats and have been known to rip them open and sink them. But on land their nature seems to change entirely as though they realize their helplessness. The natives walk around them with impunity, kicking them out of the way or rolling them to one side in their search for the prime bulls. As fast as they find one they prod him with their sticks and drive him off to one side till a bunch of one thousand has been collected. These are driven all together over the little hill, entirely out of sight and hearing of the rookeries, to the killing ground.

The slaughter yard, white with the bones of thousands of seal, is near the buildings on the islands and fully three miles from the rookeries, yet only about an hour is consumed in covering the distance for the seal go hopping and flopping along about as fast as a man can walk. Having reached the proper place the slaughter commences. Armed with

heavy clubs the Aleuts attack the helpless seal and a quick blow on the back of the head kills one instantly. Soon the entire bunch is stretched out and ready for the skimmers. These follow along after the butchers and become so skillful at their work that they can remove the pelts about as fast as the seal can be killed. The skins are then gathered up and carried to the salting house and packed in coarse salt. The choicest portions of the carcasses are cut off by the squaws and smoked for their winter food. The remainder of the meat is soon stripped from the bones by the thousands of gulls and "gooneys" that live about the islands. After the skins have become thoroughly salt-cured they are packed in bales and shipped to San Francisco. From there the greater portion of them find their way to London, where they are split, tanned and dyed ready to be made into garments.

The long grey hairs that are mixed with the fur have to be removed and in the few factories in this country they are plucked out by hand, but in England they have a secret process of splitting the hide which leaves the short, brown fur on the outer half. The roots of the long hair grow entirely through the skin and adhere to the inner layer after the splitting process. The next step after tanning is to change the light brown color of the fur to the beautiful velvety black which by many is thought to be the natural color of the fur-seal. This is also a trade secret and known to but one firm of dyers in London. This secret has descended for generations from father to son and remains as yet a riddle unread, in spite of years of experiment to discover the process or a similar one equally as good.

The skins from three average sized seal, when prepared, will make up into a garment worth from \$400 to \$600, and the immense profit to be made by hunting them would long ago have resulted in their extermination, had they not been protected by wise laws strictly enforced.

When the Pribilof islands were under control of the Russians, Behring Sea was declared a closed sea and unfortunate indeed was the poaching schooner found within its limits, for without the formality of a trial it was seized and confiscated and the crew experienced the rigors of a

Russia prison till such time as their captors saw fit to liberate them.

At one time a Captain Miner, one of the most daring of "seal-poachers" slipped into the sea with a swift schooner, raided St. George island, filled the hold with seal-skins and was never captured. But instances of a successful cruise were very rare and Pelagic sealing was not carried on to any extent till after 1867 when Behring Sea and her islands became American possessions. Owing to a remonstrance from England the sea was not declared closed and its waters swarmed with Canadian and American sealers. These schooners were, for the most part, old Gloucester fishing schooners, brought around the horn and manned by daring and reckless crews. Each schooner carried from four to six sealing boats, each boat in charge of an experienced hunter. Seal-hunters as a class, are very skillful in the use of firearms, shooting with a wonderful degree of accuracy from the rocking, pitching boat. They fire at their quarry from the fore-castle head on which they stand swaying backward and forward to keep their balance and they use both shotguns and rifles. The former loaded with buckshot for short range work and the rifles on still calm days when it is impossible to approach within one hundred yards of their game. The hunters have two men to pull or sail the boat which is sloop-rigged. They all work on the "lay," the hunter getting from \$2.50 to \$5 per skin and the sailors fifty cents apiece for each skin taken by the hunter with whom they are detailed. The boats and crews leave the schooner early every morning, hunt all day and return late at night, sometimes not till next day and sometimes never. Sudden squalls, unreliable compasses, accidents in the boats and fierce attacks by wounded bulls are some of the possibilities that make a seal-hunter's calling extremely hazardous, many lives having been lost in following it. While out hunting they chase and fire at every seal they see, no attention being paid to the sex, as long as there is any chance of hitting it, hoping to disable it by a chance shot. Many are crippled that are never overtaken and many sink instantly when killed.

It will thus be seen how destructive to seal-life was Pelagic sealing. The



Seal Families in their Respective Rookeries.

schooners would approach the islands as near as they dared and the hunters would kill the seal when they come off for food. About three-fourths of those taken were females and their death was fatal to the little pups left on the rookeries, as explained at the beginning of this article; besides a great many were so shot up that they only returned to the islands to drag themselves ashore and die.

In addition to the rapid decrease of the seal herd which followed, it was feared that this continual harassing of them dur-

weather which prevails on those waters during the fall months, often the sealers were unable to verify their position for days at a time. Consequently they would drift within the forbidden limits and a great many seizures followed. The vessels were towed into Unalaska harbor and beached to await their final disposition and the crews taken to Sitka, Alaska, for trial. Many of the schooners seized in the '80's may still be seen along the shores of Unalaska, their dismantled hulks rotting and fast falling to pieces. Tedi-

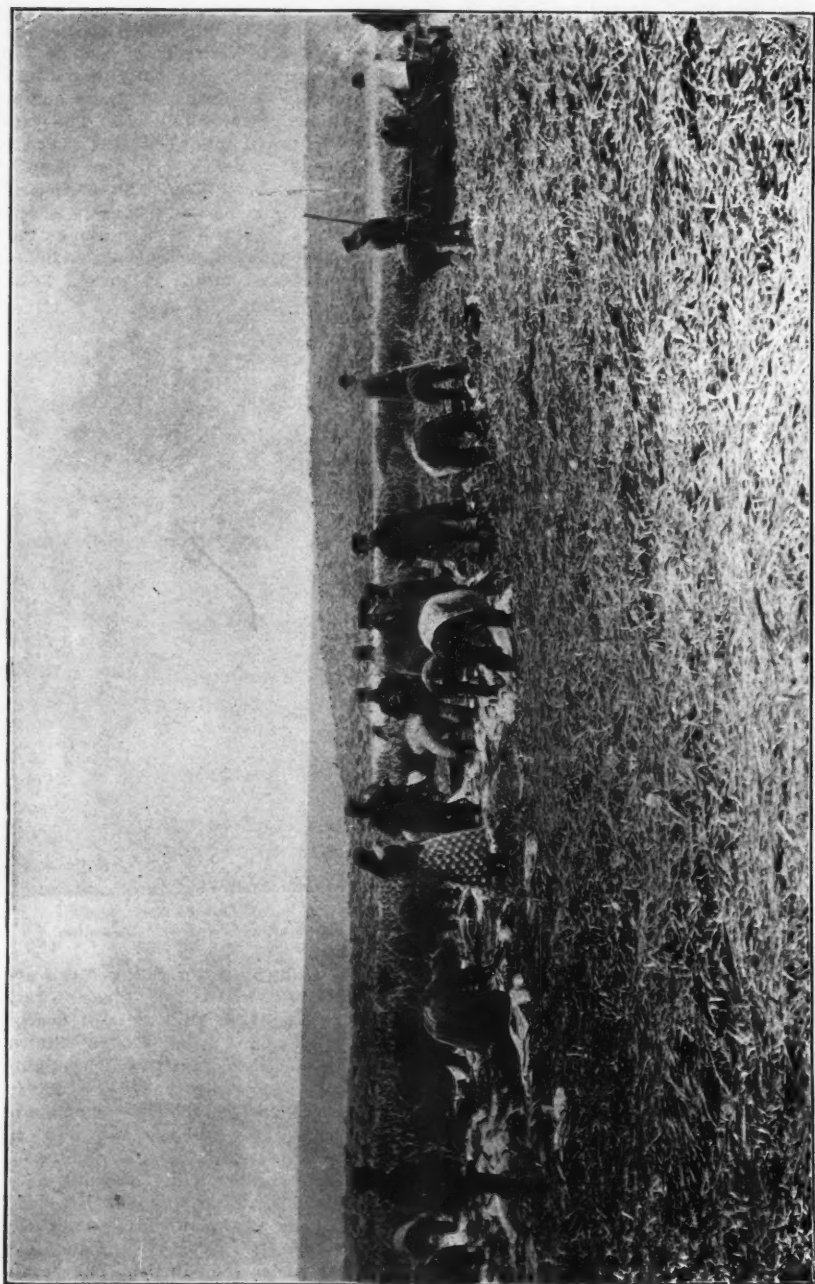


A Deserted Seal Rookery in the Pribilof Group. The most North-western Point of United States Possessions.

ing the breeding season, would eventually drive them away from the Pribilof Islands to other rookeries in foreign water. To prevent this, protective legislation followed which finally resulted in laws being passed making it illegal for a sealing schooner to be found within sixty miles of these islands, whether hunting or not. The penalty for such offence was confiscation of vessel and outfit and one year's imprisonment of captain and hunters and six months for the sailors. To enforce these laws a fleet of men-of-war and gunboats were detailed to patrol Behring Sea. Owing to the foggy

and costly litigation followed this action on the part of our men-of-war, resulting finally in an award of nearly \$350,000 damages from United States to Canadian sealers for illegal confiscations.

In the face of all difficulties and adverse legislation "seal-poaching" as it was called, flourished, and the number of schooners engaged in it steadily increased, the majority of them, however, cleared from Canadian ports as their owners found they could act with more impunity under the British flag than when flying the Stars and Stripes.



"Following the Skinners Come the Indian Squaws who cut off the Choicest Portions of the Carcasses to be Smoked for their Winter Food."

During this time a marked falling off was noticed in the number of seal visiting the rookeries each year. In 1890, the first year of the control of the islands by the North Alaska Commercial Company, they were only able to find about 20,000 bull seal of the right age for slaughter on the two rookeries, whereas the Alaska Fur Company during their first season's control in 1870 had no bother whatever in securing the full number allowed; viz., 100,000.

Finally, on March 2, 1889, after many negotiations and much diplomatic correspondence between the United States, England and Russia, Behring Sea was once more declared to be a closed sea and it seemed for a time as though Pacific sealing was doomed, especially when not long after the same restrictions in regard to seal hunting, were applied to all the North Pacific Ocean lying between the continent and 180° W. Longitude.

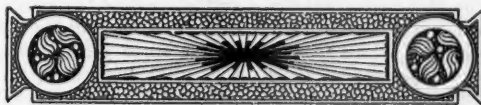
But about this time it was discovered that when the seal leave the rookeries on their annual migrations, they always pass between Copper and Behring islands and travel along near the Kurile islands and down the coast of Japan as far as latitude 37° N. Reaching the limit of their southern journey about the last of February they turn and follow the same route back to their island homes. So instead of fitting up late in the summer and going into the sea for a two months' hunt, the sealers thereafter left their home ports for Yokohama about the first of January for an eight or ten months' cruise. Falling in with the seal herd on that coast in March, they followed them all along their return journey, till they enter Behring Sea, killing them during six months of the year and making a far better catch than they ever did formerly when hunting in the sea. Nearly one hundred and fifty sealing schooners now follow this plan every year, their average

catch on the Japanese coast being about 1,200 skins to the vessel. And the law was so changed in February, 1893, that seal could again be hunted in Behring Sea provided spears alone be used. This modification was brought about by England for the benefit of her subjects as many of the Canadian sealers employ "siwash" crews and hunters. These last are very expert in throwing the spear, and the light canoes they use enable them to approach much nearer a sleeping seal than the white hunters can in their heavy boats.

The writer was in Behring Sea in 1894 on board a sealer and as a result of personal observation and experience has no hesitancy in asserting that the spear expertly handled is a more deadly weapon than a shot gun or rifle. The whites soon acquired the knack of using the new weapon and under favorable conditions got as many skins per day as on the coast of Japan with the firearms. A seal once speared never escapes and so little noise is made in hauling it alongside the boat and killing it with a knife thrust, that others sleeping within a short distance are not awakened and can be killed one at a time, while if a gun had been used on the first one, no others of that bunch would have given the hunter a chance for a second trial.

Many phenomenal catches were made that fall, the largest being by the *Triumph*, a siwash schooner from Victoria, B. C., with a total of 2,240 skins taken during August and September.

What will be the next change in fur seal regulations is indeed hard to guess, but under the present conditions one thing is sure to happen, for, slaughtered at their rookeries, chased and riddled with buckshot during their migrations and pierced by the silent but deadly spear in their native waters, it needs no prophet to foretell the ultimate extermination of this beautiful and valuable animal.





From a Painting by G. Alligny

"Jesus turned to see, not a Shadow, but a living Woman at the Well—curb, come for Water."

CHRIST AND HIS TIME *

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE JUDEAN MINISTRY: REJECTED BY THE RULERS

Purging the Temple—Two Teachers—Jesus and Nicodemus—Baptizing in Judaea—Among the Samaritans—At Jacob's Well—Back in Galilee.



IT was now April 780 (A.D. 27), about three months after the baptism of Jesus. The time of the yearly feast of the Passover was at hand and the great caravans of devout pilgrims had begun to move along the highways. Taking His disciples, Jesus turns His face toward Jerusalem, that He also may keep the feast. The Passover commenced on April 11, but for a month now the preparations

had been in progress all over the land. The roads and bridges were mended; the sepulchres were whitened that the pilgrims might avoid pollution; households put in order, and the stalls of the "money-changers" opened in every village and town.

The money-changers were a regular and accredited institution of the Passover, and they did a thriving business. Of the three yearly feasts, the Passover was most important, and the only one many of the poorer people could attend,

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

so many made it the occasion for the tithing of their flocks, and for their purification, as well as for the payment of their Temple-tribute. Every man of the Jews, rich or poor, was required to pay into the Temple-treasury, as atonement for his soul, an annual tribute of half a shekel (about twenty-eight cents). Now a large part of those in attendance at the feast was made up of pilgrims from every nation under heaven, and they brought not only their own tribute-money but that of their friends who were unable to make the long, expensive journey. Of course the money they brought was in the currency of their foreign lands, coin of many shapes, stamps and values, but the law demanded that the tribute be paid in exact half-shekels of Palestine currency, and the trade for native coin was made through the money-changers, who charged a tax of five per cent. for their trouble—and as much more as they could steal by haggling, false balances and other chicanery. After the twenty-fifth of the month, preceding the feast, says *Ederheim*, these money-changers closed their stalls in the country and re-opened in Jerusalem within the precincts of the Temple itself.

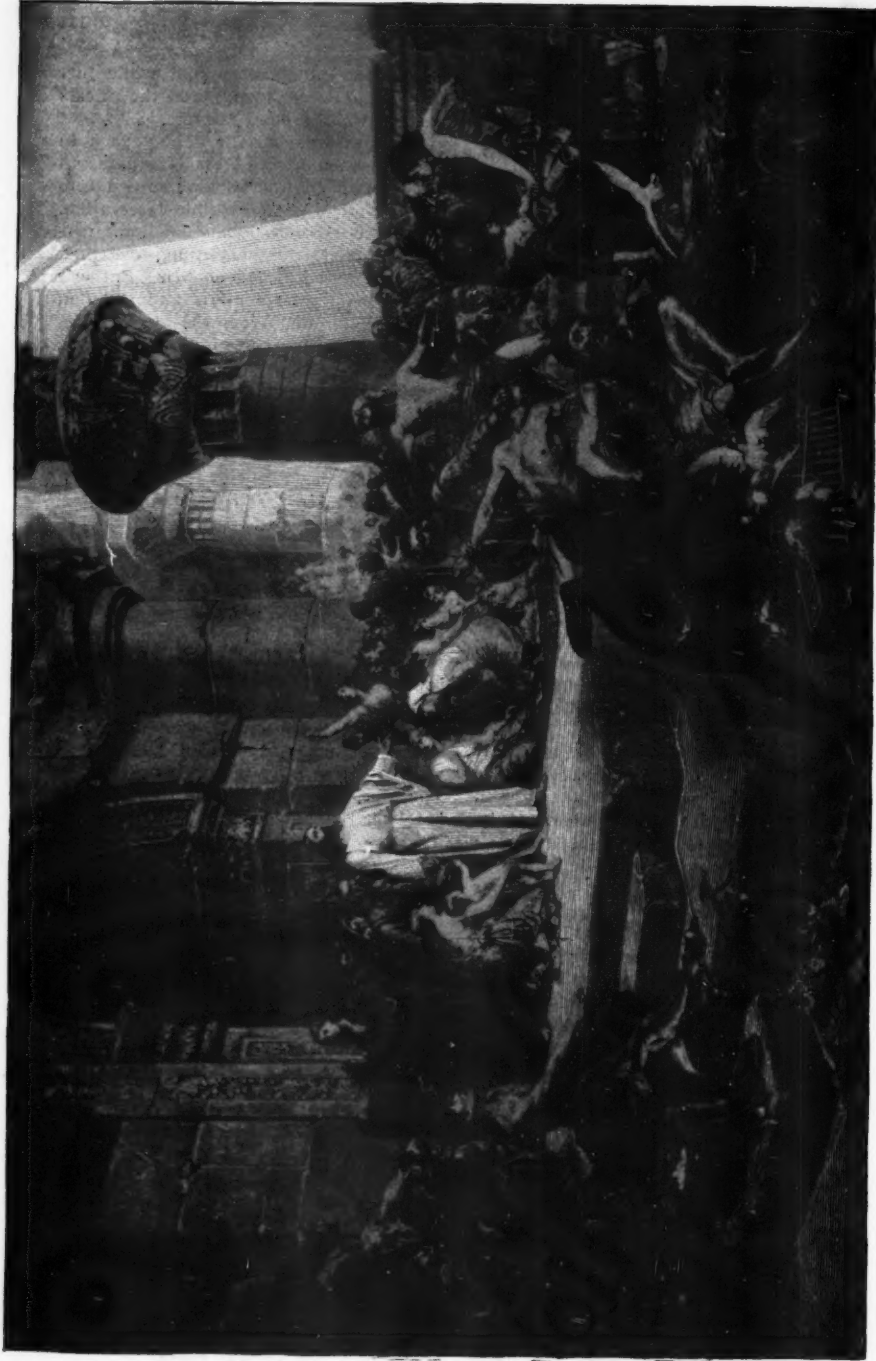
Beside the money-changers, hundreds of mongers and trinketers, blocked the streets and besieged the pilgrims with wares of every imaginable kind, while within and without the Temple-walls, in every available nook, were the sellers of animals for sacrifice—doves for poor women, and sheep and goats and oxen for feast and thank-offerings. The whole festival was more like our county show with the Temple as the "main building," than it was like a sacred, religious ceremony. In the Court of the Gentiles—that is, within the sacred enclosure of the Temple-walls—the traffic was at its height. The money-changers' tables filled every space between the columns of the great porch, and the floor of the wide court was divided into pens for the animals of sacrifice, while piles of dove cages ran along every wall. All this was under the direction of the Temple officials. The press and the din of the place was frightful. Vendors scuffled and yelled and bickered; money-changers boggled and wrangled and clinked their coin; cattle lowed; sheep bleated, doves cooed, and a noisome stench from the pens

rose under the burning sun, while just within, the censor swung and the priests chanted their solemn prayers.

The hunt was on, the unholy pack in full cry, when Jesus entered the gate and was carried by the surging crowd into the very midst of the terrible desecration. His Father's House! This howling, grovelling bazaar, this wheedling, cheating, mart, this stinking sty, His Father's House! The priests allow and sanction this! He recoiled from the sight. His pure soul burned at the profanation. Seizing a bunch of cords He bound them hastily into a scourge, and in holy anger, sprang among the sellers of cattle and drove them in confusion toward the gate. Then the sellers of doves He commanded out and hurried them forward in front of the lash, and before the astounded mob realized what was happening, He strode into the porch, scourge uplifted and irresistible, threw down the tables, scattered the piles of coin underneath the trampling feet and whipped the cowering thieves like a pack of frightened dogs before Him, while the multitude, spell-bound for the moment, looked on in silent approval and wondering awe.

It was a bold, brave, royal deed. It was righteous, lofty and God-like! It was worthy any mighty hero of old. The glorious enthusiasm, the striking heroism, the holy fury swept all before it. He was about His Father's business now with true Messianic right and power. A thong of cords with His righteous might stung into shame and terror and flight a legion of guilty cowards. They fled and not a single arm was lifted, not a single word was uttered to challenge or check this young Galilean.

They dared not. Their base, nefarious traffic they knew was the vilest sacrilege, and not one of them could face this sweeping blast of divine indignation and dauntless zeal. Nor dare the priests. They, more than all others were guilty, and more than all were they dumb-founded and afraid. The people had long complained of this desecration, but it brought wealth to the Temple treasury, and the priests could not resist their greed for the gold. This bold stroke of Jesus had won the multitudes looking on, and a violent arrest of Him would have raised a tumult and brought a mob storming at the Temple doors.



"Not one of them could face this sweeping Blast of Divine Indignation and Dauntless zeal."

From a Painting by F. Kirkcuback

Recovering from their shock, however, the Temple officials swallowed their shame and rage and with characteristic cunning, asked Jesus simply for a sign of His authority for this act. The most admiring and sympathetic of the crowd could not object to that. It was a crafty question. It was the opening of the conflict between Jesus and the rulers, which would later bring Him to death. He knew it. His reply shows that He saw the final outcome. Looking around on the glittering gold, the glistening marble, richly wrought and carved, and measuring, it seemed, the massive Temple, and the long years of its building, Jesus answered: "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it again."

It was a sign, but not the sign they asked nor one they understood. It was to be a sign to them and to the enemies of Christ to the end of time. It is a sign to-day. Crucify Christ, destroy Christianity and He will raise the Temple again. In all the ages since that "sign" was given Christ's risen Self, His spiritual Church, the Temple, has ever been rising grander and more glorious from the tomb of its destroyers. The rulers could not read the riddle, and yet it was something of the hidden meaning that infuriated them. That He was pointing to their future crucifixion of Him, and to His resurrection they did not understand, but that they were destroying the life and power of the Temple and all that the Temple stood for, by these wicked and adulterous practices so vigorously and fearlessly condemned by Jesus, they did know, and it stung them. But they would not hear, nor would they see, and they withdrew nursing in their hating hearts this rankling offence, until a day should come when they could use it against Him. And that day came, but not yet.

TWO TEACHERS: JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

And now the ministry of Jesus is fairly begun. It is significant that it opened with a renovation, a cleansing, and that of the very heart of religious Israel. The purging of the Temple probably took place before the first day of the feast, but throughout the week Jesus continued His Messianic work, curing the sick and doing other miracles that drew to Him the

attention of all Jerusalem, and won to Him many believers.

None of these miracles are recorded, nor do we know of but one believer which they permanently made. The majority of those who believed, did so because they were dazzled by the sight, not because they understood the teaching of these "signs," and Jesus, reading with perfect insight the nature of their faith, knowing it would cease as soon as His miracles ceased, admitted none of them to the circle of His chosen disciples. He could trust the simple-minded, earnest-hearted Galileans, but to these gaping, fascinated wonder-seekers, He dared not commit Himself.

To men of that day—just the reverse of to-day—the common approach to religious truth was through physical manifestation—through miracle. They expected the miraculous, and many religious teachers were credited with supernatural power. But miracles like these of Jesus, no one had ever done before. The contrast in kind and manner and purpose in these acts of Jesus to those of any other miracle worker was so striking, that not only did the sympathetic people believe in Him but a learned and thoughtful member of the already angered Sanhedrim, was forced to confess that Jesus was indeed what He claimed to be, a Teacher sent from God.

That man was Nicodemus, a wealthy, influential citizen of Jerusalem, a Pharisee and one of the three first officers of the Sanhedrim. He had watched with deep concern the unprecedented doings of this young Galilean, and had become convinced that God was with Him as He had never been with any other Jewish teacher. From the three glimpses of Nicodemus given us in the Gospels, we know him to be a candid man, timid and excessively cautious. But when we remember his social and official position, it is not his timidity, but his powerful convictions, his intense earnestness, and his real humility which strike us most forcibly. What bitter prejudice, what arrogant pride had to be conquered before this "Master of Israel" would even admit his convictions honestly to himself. But the humility and compromise of a visit to this unlettered youth from Galilee, called for true heroism.

The streets of Jerusalem were deserted

that night. A gusty storm-wind alone hurried through thin hollow darkness, stopping and starting and wailing at every corner like an invisible chorus of lost and grieving spirits. Jesus and His disciples were together in the upper room of John's house—for John lived in Jerusalem—and the Master, as had already become His custom, was unfolding to them the mysteries of the day's teaching. It is the first glimpse we have of this "upper room," so hallowed by the

The disciples drew back in the presence of this grey and august personage. Not so Jesus: He receives the eminent Sanhedrist, calmly, naturally, without deference or show of superiority, as a loving teacher would receive an earnest scholar. And Nicodemus acknowledges this relation in words that also tell why he has come, and all that he seeks to know. "Rabbi we know Thou art a Teacher come from God," and perhaps he immediately went on with the burning ques-



Christ driving the Profaners from the Temple.

From a Fresco in the Arena of Scrovegni Chapel, Padua, Italy, by Giotto di Bondone. A. D. 1276-1306

Master's presence. It was square and plain and bare, furnished only with table and benches. It was a sacred place, and secret, for here they could be alone. No one would break in upon them here. Only the wild wind rattled and beat at the door, which opened upon the outside stair at the back of the house. But suddenly there was a creak upon the stair of a heavier foot-fall than the wind's, the knock of a human hand at the door, and in walked Nicodemus.

tion, "Tell me what is this Kingdom of God and how can a man enter it?"

John has reported only the vital points of the conversation,—just enough for the preservation of the great truth of the Master's teaching. Now Jesus, the Teacher from God, speaks to this teacher of Israel, words he never heard before, words that shocked and bewildered him. Jesus' reply was an uncompromising verity, new and startling, given with the authority of God. "Except a man be

born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

"How can a man be born again? What is it to be born again?" asks the inquirer. "Nicodemus," answers Jesus, "there is a spirit-world as well as a flesh-world, and birth is as necessary for entrance into one as into the other. That spirit-world I have called the Kingdom of God and you must have a spiritual birth into it before you can have a spiritual being in it. You must *be* before you can *become*. You cannot see nor understand this kingdom until you are spiritually alive. You are



The Prayer in Secret.

From a Painting by Alex Bida

a Jew and a Pharisee, you have strictly kept the Law, but that gives you no more right to enter the Kingdom than any other man has, for you cannot earn that right by formal observance and outward acts. The right to enter is the gift of God. You may bring yourself to high mental and moral development, but entering the Kingdom of God is not doing more and better than you have done, not additional morality, not improvement upon your present goodness, it is infinitely more than that. It is a moral

renovation so complete as to be like a new birth, it is the commencement of a new life in which your hitherto rebellious will is submitted absolutely to God, as subject to king. It is not more knowledge that you need, but more belief in God, a faith that will quicken your spirit with a moral power to live up to the knowledge you already have. The way for you to enter this Kingdom is through the double door of John's outward baptism of water unto repentance and remission of sin, and by my inward baptism of the Spirit unto saving faith and loving obedience to God.

"Is it marvellous? Does it pass your understanding? Yes. But marvel not, Nicodemus, for, listen! Do you hear those voices of the night-wind talking at the corners of the house? Can you tell whence even that wind comes or whither it goes? So is the birth of the Spirit. You hear the voice of the new-born spirit within you but the mystery of its birth and the secret of its growth are beyond your ken."

This was what it meant to be born again, but still the *how* was unintelligible, and Nicodemus must understand the steps of the process before he could believe, and he asks: "*How* can these things be?"

Jesus answers: "Nicodemus are you a master of Israel and know not these things? I have told you of a transformation in human hearts that you can see for yourself, and you have not believed. How can you believe the greater mysteries of Heaven which I alone have seen and know? This Kingdom of God with all its benefits, is a Kingdom of grace, the free gift of God. The only way to enjoy its privileges is to take them as a gift, entering into them through faith. Do you remember that Moses lifted up a serpent in the wilderness, and that all who looked upon it, and saw in it God's love and mercy were restored to health and life? So shall I be lifted up, and all who look upon me, and see in my suffering and death the infinite love and mercy of a Heavenly Father, and *believe* shall receive this new birth, from above, shall have this gift of eternal life."

Nicodemus departed alone into the night, not understanding the mystery, but believing the truth, and three years

later he came with sweet spices to the tomb of this Galilean Teacher, no longer his Teacher only, but his Saviour and King. Not by works, but by grace are we saved through faith, and like Nicodemus it is by faith that we walk, not by sight.

That was a memorable night. Years after the fulfilment of the words of that solemn lesson, looking back at the hallowed scene, his heart quickened and melting with the memory of the Cross, John adds from his experience: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

BAPTIZING IN JUDÆA.

A few days after the Passover—just how long after we do not know—Jesus and His disciples left Jerusalem for some country district near by—probably the fords of the Jordan near Jericho—and there began to baptize. John the Baptist had in the mean time removed from this region and was continuing his work at Ænon near Salim "beyond Jordan." Ænon, it is believed, was the name of the springs in which John baptized and Salim was a town near by, but neither site nor spring can now be found. The most likely situation, however, is west of the Jordan in Herod's territory and here many authorities place them a little south of Scythopolis, in Galilee.

But now a tangle of other questions snarls our path. Why did John continue to baptize after the "Coming One" had come? Why did Jesus adopt in His Judæan ministry this baptism of John? How long did Jesus baptize and why did He cease? John preached repentance in preparation for the coming Messiah. He was to make Israel ready to receive Jesus as her king. But Jesus had come and Israel was not yet ready to receive Him. Many had repented and had been baptized but these were the common people. The religious leaders, the officials of the nation (and hence the nation itself), self-righteous and deluded by their own false Messianic conceptions, still stubbornly held aloof.

It was in hope that these would yet repent and receive Jesus that John continued to preach. He no longer pointed to Jesus as coming, but as already come

and urged Israel to accept Him. It was still the period of preparation, and sharing John's hope, Jesus adopts John's method, in an attempt to bring the nation, through its rulers, to repentance and acceptance of Him as its Messiah.

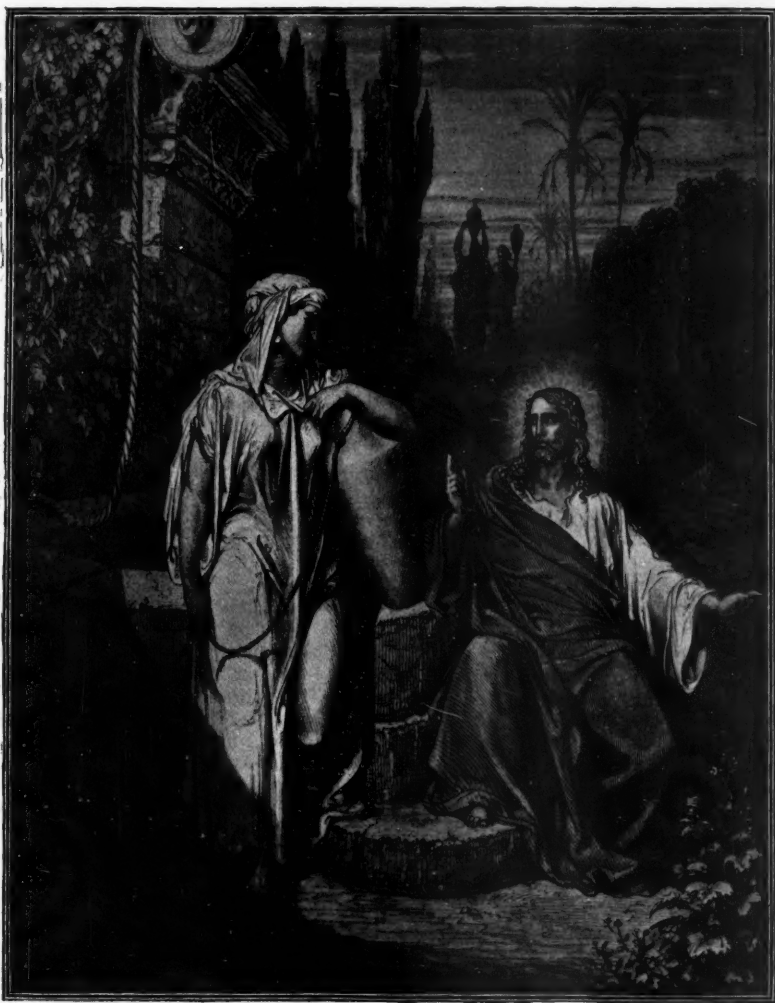
Jesus took no personal part in the baptism, but left that to His disciples, while He preached and taught. Many came to Him, as they had come and still did come to John. The Pharisees soon heard of this work of Jesus and began to take measures against it. The report also reached John's disciples, and the great following of Jesus woke a bitter feeling of envy among the Baptist's converts, for they loved John and were jealous of his success. John heard their complaint and once more, and for the last time, testifies that Jesus is the Christ, in words that are an unconscious testimony to the prophet's own grand character and large soul.

His work was nearly done. His life of hardship, of constant denial and of loftiest devotion was nearing its dark and untimely end. He had labored, but labored, it seemed, in vain. Israel was still unrepentant. The longed-for Messiah had come, but his prophet and forerunner could have no share in the joys of His Kingdom. His work must now cease; his following fall away; himself grow less and less in the growing greatness of the Christ. It was a noble reply, exalted in its humility, and worthy of John the Baptist, greatest born of women.

The increasing hostility of the Pharisees was soon made known to Jesus and at the same time the rumor of the envy in John's camp came to Him. It was plainly the signal to close His baptismal work. Instead of bringing the rulers to repentance, it was embittering them the more, and to continue this effort would be not only futile but dangerous. Then, too, if His popularity was becoming a hindrance to John, He would better withdraw and leave the Baptist an open field. So with the half-dozen of His chosen disciples, He quietly retires from Judæa, passing through Jerusalem, and taking the direct route to Nazareth, by way of Sychar of Samaria.

AMONG THE SAMARITANS: AT JACOB'S WELL

The Samaritans were hated by the Jews, especially by the Jews of Judæa;



"I am such an One, that hadst thou known Me, thou wouldst have asked of Me a drink, and I would have given thee living water."

From a Painting by Gustav Dore

and the Jews, in turn, were hated by the Samaritans. A rancorous rivalry of long standing had mutually embittered them. The Samaritans were of mixed Jewish and Assyrian blood—more Jewish than Assyrian—and their religion was mixed like their blood—a spurious Judaism largely adulterated with the idolatries of the imported Assyrians. On the sum-

mit of historic Mount Gerizim, at the head of the vale of Schechem, was built their temple—at the time of Christ in ruin—which for ages had been the rival of the Temple at Jerusalem.

Samaria was an unclean land and the high-cast Jew would not enter it, but in travelling north, took his way by the roundabout route through Peræa, along

the east bank of Jordan. None of these small prejudices were felt by Jesus. Through Samaria ran the most direct road to Galilee, therefore He chose that road. Samaria lies between Judæa and Galilee, extending north and south about forty-eight miles, and east and west about forty miles. It is less mountainous than Galilee, but more fertile than either Galilee or Judæa. Indeed the plain of Samaria is one of the fairest and most fertile in Palestine. Soon after passing Shilo, the wide rolling plain opens before the traveller, and spreads away in rich fields and olive groves, to the feet of Ebal and Gerizim, seven miles to the north.

Harvest-time in Palestine came in April, and reckoning from the remark about the harvest, made that day at the Well of Jacob, the time of this journey through Samaria must have been about the first of December. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that Jesus and His band entered the beautiful plain, and the early winter twilight was beginning to settle as they reached Jacob's Well. It was the close of a day of weary travel, and foot-sore and stained and hungry, Jesus stopped to rest by the well, while the disciples went into Sychar, about half a mile further on, to buy food. John, perhaps, was left behind with the Master.

There are few shrines in all the land so identified with Israel's history as this well of the patriarch Jacob. It seemed to Jesus as if they were the shadows of the past, not those of the night, which were gathering about the well, as He sat there gazing upon the ruins of the Temple of Manasseh, which Gerizim lifted almost over Him. Out from the dim vistas of that ancient time, great figures once more came to drink of the well: Jacob, and Joseph, and Joshua, and Gideon, with the silent march of the years, when a heavier foot-fall suddenly broke the spell, and Jesus turned to see, not a shadow, but a living woman at the well-curb, come for water. He recognized her as a Samaritan, and she as quickly saw that He was a Jew. Nothing more would have passed between them had Jesus been only a Jew, but He was more, He was the Messiah, and tired and thirsty, and as she let down her pail to draw, He asked her for a drink.

The request surprised and shocked her. For a Jew to ask of a Samaritan, and

that of a Samaritan woman, even a necessity of life was unusual, but to ask a favor, a cup of water, was unheard of. She was all astonishment. She forgot the request, forgot even her hate in her wonderment. She had never seen such a Jew before. There is something extraordinary about Him, and aloud she says: "How is it, what is there in you different from all other Jews whom I have seen, that you should ask this favor of me?"

The first words of Jesus made this ignorant, sinful woman aware that He was more than a common man, and her question in essence is: "Who art Thou?" It was just the question to wake all the soul of the Messiah. His thirst now was not to be quenched by the water she might give Him, but by giving her to drink of another water. How the glory of the Divine Saviour shines through the weakness and humility of the weary Man! Gently, to her already quickened mind, He reaches down with an answer that shall lead her to the higher truth. "I am such an One, that hadst thou known Me, thou wouldst have asked of Me a drink, and I would have given thee living water."

"How can He? What does he mean?" she thought. Not understanding, yet conscious of a hidden and higher meaning, half-incredulous, half-anxious, she looks down the hundred feet of the well, then up at Jesus, and, blindly groping for the spiritual in the material, asks Him, "How?" and if "He is greater than Jacob?" Simply, but with words which still lead her beyond herself, Jesus explains that "living water" is water which slakes all thirst, because it quenches every burning need of the soul, and becomes to him that drinks, a well of water within, springing up into a new and everlasting life.

Still groping, though now believing His hitherto incredible words, trusting ignorantly that He would give it to her, whatever it was, she asks Him for this living water, that she might never come here again to draw. She could get no deeper than the bottom of the well; no farther than her physical needs. Jesus could lead her no higher in this path. Why He now commands her to call her husband, we shall never fully know. But surely we may find one good reason in



"Now Jesus, the Teacher from God, speaks to this Teacher of Israel, Words he never heard before."

From a Painting by Gustav Doré

the effect it had upon the woman, namely: that it was the means of bringing her to grasp more fully who it was speaking to her, and what He would have her learn. The moment she discovered His supernatural knowledge of her sinful life, that moment she perceived Him to be a Prophet, and that single perception so broadened the horizon of her

childish soul, that the highest and grandest of Heaven's revelations could be made to her.

Jesus answers her questions as to the right place to worship God, by telling her that Jerusalem, not Gerizim, was the place chosen by God, but forever seals that question for her, and for us, by pointing her beyond Gerizim, and beyond



From a Painting by B. Plöckhorst
"Jesus Come from the Workshops of Human Nazareth."

Moriah, to the temple of the heart, where the true worshippers of the Father should, from that hour on, worship Him in spirit and truth. No such wide words as these had Jesus yet dared speak to His disciples. They could not understand. But still grander words this simple woman was soon to hear. In what He said, she caught a glimpse of the glory of the coming Messiah, and exclaimed: "I know that Messiah cometh. When He cometh, He will tell us a things." Then meeting the simple needs of this lowly, ignorant Samaritan woman, long before He could do it to His own disciples, Jesus makes the first full revelation of Himself, saying: "I that speak unto thee, am He."

Meantime the disciples had returned from Sychar and stood marvelling that their Master should talk thus with such a woman, yet in their love and reverence for Him they uttered no word. But now the woman was gone. Leaving her jar unfilled by the well, as the living water of a new life overflowed her heart, she hastened back to the city with her wondrous story, saying to the curious listeners gathering about her: "Come, see a Man, who told all that I have done. Is not He the Christ?"

The disciples had brought the food and now urged Jesus to eat. But His fatigue was gone; His thirst gone; His hunger gone. He had had meat to eat they knew not. After all these months with the Master they were so spiritually dull, so stolidly literal, that they wondered if some one had given Him food while they were absent. With patience that never failed He explained: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." But what could a fallen Samaritan woman have to do with the work of the Messiah? His royal Messianic entry as the captain of Israel could not be yet. Divining these thoughts Jesus looked out upon the newly-sown fields and replied: "Do ye not say, there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, (pointing to the throng of Samaritans pouring out of the city) that they are white already unto harvest."

Two days He abode with the Samaritans, and many of them through that woman's testimony, believed on Him, but

many more believed, because "they heard Him themselves."

BACK IN GALILEE.

The short stay among the Samaritans was but a halt *en route* to Galilee. Jesus withdrew from Judæa, because the nation's rulers, instead of heeding His call to repentance, were growing more and more hostile to Him, and it was His intention now, not to continue to baptize in Galilee, but to retire thither, and there wait the outcome of John's preaching. John was not yet imprisoned. He was still bearing testimony that Jesus was the Messiah, still calling men to repentance and baptism, but the storm of hate was gathering rapidly and was soon to break upon the fearless prophet with imprisonment and death. Jesus saw the storm coming. He knew what it meant for John, but so long as it did not burst, so long as John was able to point men to Jesus as the Messiah, Jesus Himself could refrain from further active work and quietly wait the final issue of John's ministry. Hence, after two days spent among the open-hearted Samaritans, Jesus went on into Galilee, and came to Cana.

So far in Christ's life we have been able to trace the order of events comparatively easy and in agreement with the majority of critics. But from this point on, the Gospels cannot be wholly harmonized and no two scholars altogether agree. We have the events, however, and they are vital: the sequence is a secondary matter. After careful study we shall follow the plainest path, agreeing in the main, as we have hitherto, with the weight of the latest and best scholarship.

His already great fame had preceded Jesus into Galilee. The Galilean pilgrims at the Passover had returned with the report of the purging of the Temple and the miracles Jesus wrought during Passover-week; the whole of Galilee had heard of John's great testimony that Jesus was the expected Messiah; His miracle at the wedding in Cana was still fresh in the memory of all; and now with His name upon every one's tongue, the Galileans began to believe that a really great prophet had arisen among them.

The news of Jesus' return to Galilee spread quickly. For years He had lived



Tiberias in Galilee.
From a Photograph

among them, unknown, but now many came to see Him. The people of Cana went so far as to receive Him publicly, with every mark of honor and respect.

Here in Cana Jesus stopped at the home of Nathanael with whom He stayed on His first visit. He did not go to Nazareth now, for His mother was living in Capernaum, and He did not go immediately to Capernaum because He had returned to Galilee to rest, and He pre-

ferred the seclusion of little Cana to the busy rush of Capernaum. He sought Galilee for rest because here among His own people He would receive less attention and be less disturbed than in any other land, for, He said: "A prophet hath no honor in His own country." Here, for the time, Jesus dismissed His disciples, and they returned to their different homes and their fishing upon the sea.

(To be continued.)



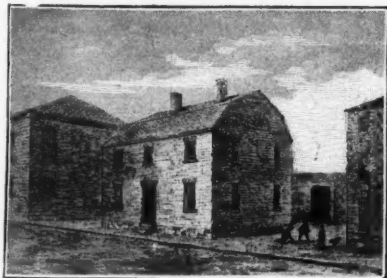
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTURY

BY DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

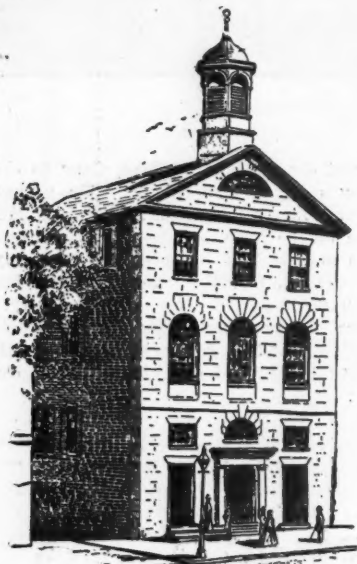
Second Paper.



IN a book of personal reminiscences which I wrote some years ago, called "A New England Boyhood," I gave some details of my own school experience in Boston between the years 1824 and 1835.



The First Boston Latin School, School Street, 1636.



Boston Latin School on School Street, 1812.

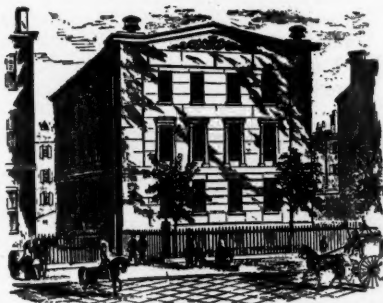
Editor's Note: Dr. Hale was a pupil in the Boston Latin School between the years 1830 and 1835, returning in 1840, after a graduation from Harvard to serve in that institution for two years as an usher.

I am not going to repeat anew these experiences, so far as they were merely personal. But, as it has been my business sooner or later in life, to look up some details in the history of education in Boston, I shall bring together here some memorials of that history, which seem to me of worth and interest. At one time and another Boston has taken all the credit of her public schools which she deserved, and sometimes has asked for more than she deserved. But it has not always happened that she has claimed credit for the real successes,—nor, indeed, that she has gained it.

Boston did not invent public education, maintained by the state for all sorts and conditions of men. The principle of such education is distinctly laid down in the statutes of the city of Lybairs, in the greater Greece, four or five centuries before Christ. The people of that civilized city knew that the ignorance of the peo-

Dr. Hale's reminiscences began in the April NATIONAL.

ple, and their want of the mental energy given by education were an injury to the state. And the state fought against ig-

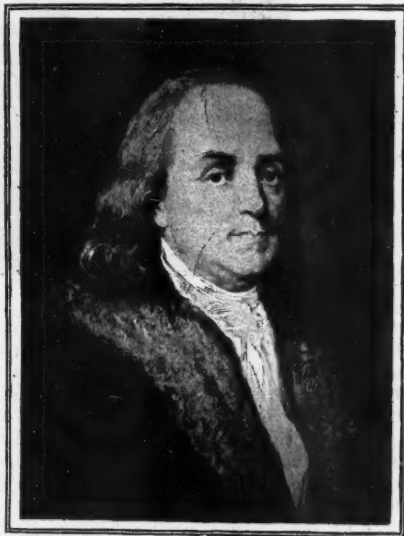


Boston Latin School on Bedford Street, 1844.

norance, therefore, as it would have fought against any other pestilence, at the public charge. They did not think such battle to be the business of the separate fathers and mothers.

But after the destruction of Lybairs by the brutal Crotanians, who were the Corbett-Fitzsimmons people of their time, all such broad views of the duty of government faded out. It does not appear in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, nor at Hellen, in Palestine, though it has been claimed by the Jews. The theory that every child born shall and must be trained at the charge of the state, does not appear in mediæval Christianity. Nor did the church make any such proposal. It reappears in modern times, so far as we have yet discovered, in the establishment of the public schools of the settlements of Massachusetts Bay. There is some amicable rivalry as to which was the earliest of the schools thus established. But no document has been found, which proves the existence of any such public school before the town of Boston, in town meeting, appointed Philemon Pormont to keep such a school. This was in 1635. This was the foundation of the public Latin school in Boston, which traces its history back in an unbroken line, for two hundred and sixty-two years. It is now more prosperous and larger than ever. In this season of 1897, it will send more than forty pupils to college. And, to whatever college they go, these boys or young men will be among the best prepared, of those who apply.

There is a frequent error which needs correction. There were many "free schools" in England, and many "public schools," long before 1635. But in speaking of them we are to remember that the words "free" and "public" carried an entirely different meaning from that which they carry with us. A "free school," in an English town, meant simply a school free to every class of the inhabitants. It was not a school for the clergy, it was not a school for the people of rank, it was a school free for every citizen who chose to pay for the instruction of his child in it. A "public school" was much the same thing, though probably the phrase was generally applied to institutions which had some charter or endowment which distinguished them more or less from an ordinary free school. Such niceties of detail are such as need only be considered by antiquarians. What is to be remembered is that whereas now we speak of a free school as a school open to every person, whether he pays for the instruction or not, and use the public school for a



Benjamin Franklin.

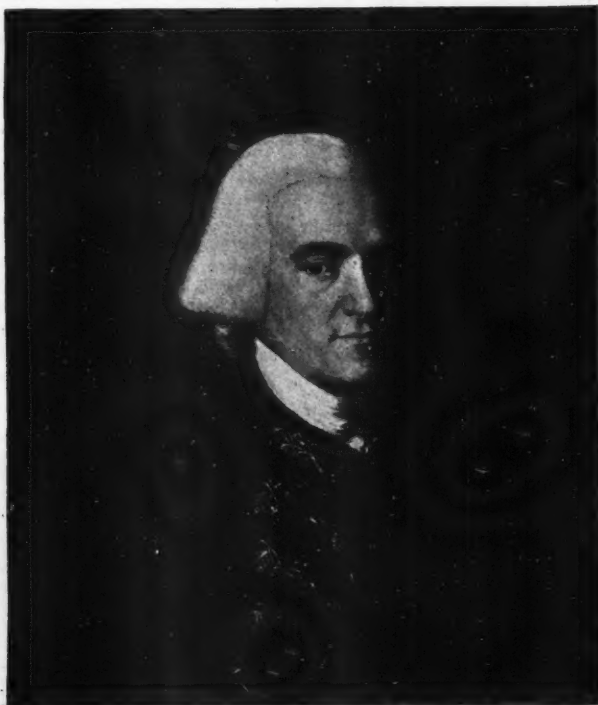
school maintained by the authorities of the state, the words "free school" and "public school," in English literature and

history up to the present time, carry with them no such meaning.

In this free public school established in Boston, the primary attention, from the beginning, was given to those boys who would study Latin and Greek. There is a series of head-masters, more and more distinguished for their places in litera-

the magnates of the town assembled, is duly reported by Sewall, who had been his pupil, and who, in his old age, had cared generously for his support.

Cheever's associate and successor, Williams, some of whose work in Latin and in English still exists, was the teacher of Benjamin Franklin, in the few months in



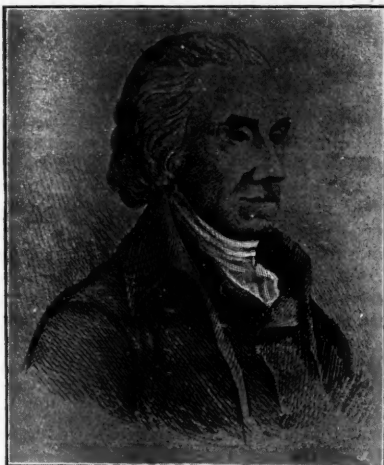
John Hancock.

ture, which give dignity to the calendar of the school up to the present time. Ezekiel Cheever, for nearly half a century the master of the school, brought to it the traditions of Christ's Hospital, which is known to this generation by the reminiscences of Charles Lamb. I am fond of fancying, what I cannot prove, that Cheever was at that school at the same time when Milton was there. We have some of Cheever's manuscripts in the Boston Athenæum now, and here is a facsimile of one of them. He was for nearly half a century at the head of our Latin School, and his funeral, where all

which Franklin attended this school. Franklin speaks of him as a "good old man."

Williams was followed by John Lovell the father, and James Lovell, his son. Under their dynasty the school attained a reputation through all the New England colonies, and in more than one instance lads were sent here from a very considerable distance to be fitted for college or for after life.

The school has the honor of having furnished five out of the fifty-five signers of the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin heads the list; Sam Adams



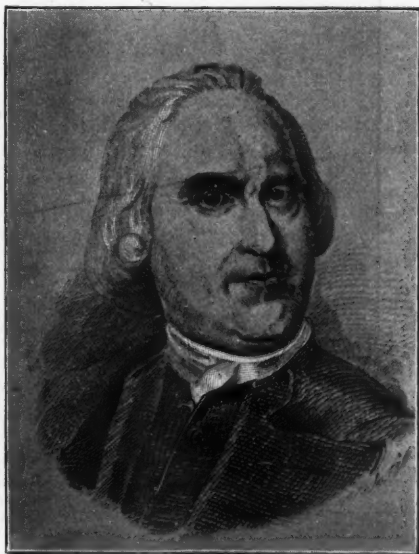
Robert Treat Paine.

is second, John Hancock and Robert Treat Paine follow. These are the lads from Boston. William Hooper, who was of the North Carolina delegates, had been brought up in the school, and makes the fifth. Harvard College cannot claim Franklin among its graduates, but all the other four who have been named graduated there, and the college has the additional names of Elbridge Gerry and William Ellery of Rhode Island.

In addressing the Latin School boys the other day, on Washington's Birthday, I told them that I supposed the point where George Washington first touched the Latin School was at Carlisle in Pennsylvania, when with the other gentlemen on the staff of Braddock's army, he met Franklin for the first time. Within a few years we have found out that the Pennsylvania commissaries who provided for Braddock's army met the gentlemen of the staff of that army at Carlisle, as it worked its slow way westward. Benjamin Franklin must have met George Washington then, although neither of them ever refer to this in any letters which remain to us. I told the boys that Washington next touched the school the next year, when with a staff of elegant military companions, he rode on horseback from Mount Vernon to Boston, to settle certain matters in discussion as to

the rank of the provincial officers. These matters could only be settled by Shirley, who was then governor of New England, and was in command of our military operations in America. Washington and his elegant company of Virginians clattered up Washington Street on horseback, servants in livery and all that, and alighted at the tavern known as Cromwell's Head, where Mr. Marston will sell you a cup of coffee to-day. This was two or three hundred feet, more or less, below the Latin School house, which stood then just where Franklin's statue stands now. I asked the Latin School boys if they thought such a company would come up within a block of their schoolhouse, when they were playing out at recess, and they not go down to see? They were well pleased with the notion, and were sure that they should have been present. When my address was over, a little boy of eleven, whose eye I had caught, came up to me to say, "Mr. Hale, did you know that I am a lineal descendant of John Hancock?"

When it came to 1775, as I told the story in the last number of the "National," the boys of the Latin school had to wait



Samuel Adams.

on their neighbor, the English brigadier, and tell him what were the inalienable rights of American schoolboys. It was not many weeks after that those rights and those of their fathers, were to be put

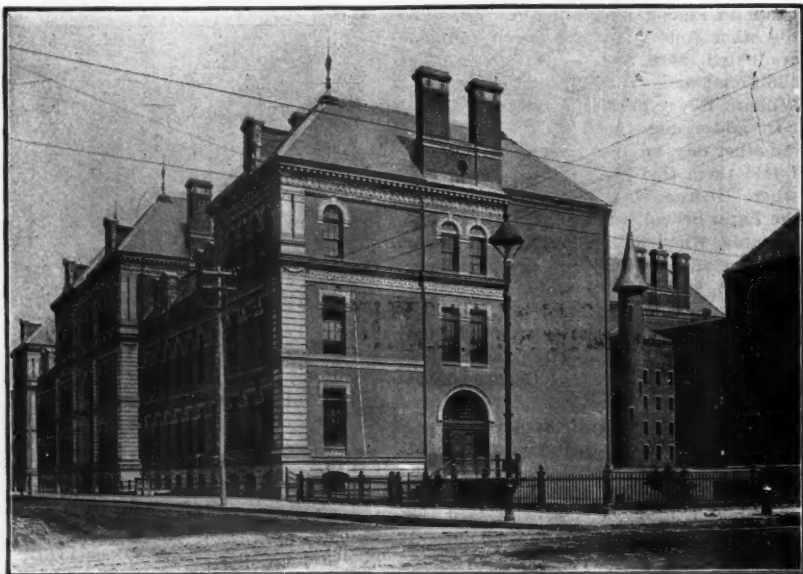


William Hooper.

to the test. On the night of the 18th of April, Gage undertook, by what he called a secret expedition, to march a strong column twenty miles north-west to Con-

cord, to destroy the military stores which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts Bay had brought together there. Nearly a thousand men under Colonel Smith, crossed, from the place where the Providence Station now stands, to East Cambridge, in the boats of the squadron. But as all American readers know, Revere and Davis were before them, and the country was alarmed. Colonel Smith sent back word to Gage that he should need re-enforcements, and at seven in the morning Percy's brigade was marched up from its tents on Boston Common, and formed along Tremont Street, to take up its march by land to Concord. It is probable enough that this demonstration might have been projected before; but the arrangements for it had not been divulged before, and a part of Gage's plan was that a detachment of marines, under the charge of Pitcairn of the Marines, should make a part of the force.

Percy's battalion was on the spot early, as directed, but the marines did not appear. "Where are the marines? Where are the marines? Who gave the order for the marines?" Then it appeared that the order had been sent to Pitcairn's lodgings, and was lying on Pitcairn's table.



The Boston Latin School, 1897.

Pitcairn, as every school boy knows, had himself volunteered to accompany Smith, and was at this moment twenty miles away. Before this moment, though no one knew it on Common Street, he had spoken the words which are in every schoolboy's history, "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" And the critical order for his detachment of marines was lying unopened on his desk. This curious bit of red tape delayed the march of the reinforcements to Smith; and while his soldiers stood waiting for the marines, a little boy, afterwards well-known to America as Harrison Gray Otis, came down our Beacon Street on his way to school. A sergeant stopped him and told him that he must not cross the line. And Otis, perhaps, in no great hurry to get to school, when he could see the soldiers to such advantage, walked along Common Street to Court Street, turned the line there and went down Court Street, and so came up School Street, "tardy," as the schoolmaster would have said, and entered the schoolhouse. He was just in time to hear old John Lovell say: "War's begun and school's done. *Demittite libros.*" The boys gladly put away their books, or took them under their arms to carry them home, and there was no school in that schoolhouse till Washington re-entered the town eleven months afterwards.

Old Lovell—John Lovell,—was a Tory. He went off to Halifax with Howe and the defeated English army, and he remained in Halifax till he died. The son, who had been the assistant master, was as eager a Whig. He accompanied the successful army, and had one and another position in civil life, until he died. His descendants are well known in Boston to this day, and fill important places in our affairs. Perhaps none of them has ever served the state to more advantage than did his beautiful daughter. On the 17th of June, 1775, while Prescott was driving every man to the completion of the redoubt on Bunker Hill, the advance of the English force landed, in boats from Boston, where the navy-yard now stands. Why did they not move immediately to the attack on the unfinished intrenchments? The answer is this. When they arrived, the field-pieces were without balls. A messenger was at once sent for the missing ammunition, and as the offi-

cers waited and chafed for it, one said to another, "Where is So-and-so, who should have handled this ammunition?" To which the answer was, "He is making love to the schoolmaster's daughter." Miss Lovell has the honor in our history of being the Delilah who had thus chained some Samson of the day whose name has not come down in history. And Prescott had the advantage not of half an hour but of several hours, in the completion of his works. The first balls sent over proved to be too large, and after more such difficulty the field-pieces were finally served with grape-shot, and it is said that no balls loaded any English cannon on that day, so much for what one pretty girl can do, even unconsciously, on occasion.

After the evacuation, the authorities of the town ordered a union of the old grammar school with the North Grammar-school, which had been founded early in the century. The master of that school was Samuel Hunt, and he became the master of the united school. It is impossible here to go into the history of the school from that time to this. It was in the year 1814, with the English war upon them, that the real leaders of Boston were alive to every necessity for lifting up the moral and intellectual force of the town. You may note in the history of Boston, for twenty years and more, a very interesting determination that this town should be a model town, and its administration a model administration. At that period several gentlemen, whose names are known now in the history of the whole country, met and determined that the Free Latin School must be put in a position more satisfactory than they found it in, and the town took measures accordingly. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, then a young man but a scholar of distinction, was placed at the head of the school. By his personal character, by his energy and practical method, he raised it at once to a very high rank among such institutions. He brought up a series of scholars, who were his successors: Mr. Charles Knapp Dillaway, Mr. Epes Sargent Dixwell, and Francis Gardner, all of them trained by him in their boyhood. The list of his pupils includes some of the most distinguished men who have served the commonwealth or the country in later days. Indeed, when one speaks, even at

a distance from Boston. of a school which, in one hundred and fifty years, gave the training to Samuel Adams, to John Hancock, to Henry Knox, and afterwards to Harrison Gray Otis, to Edward Everett, to Charles Sumner, to Wendell Phillips, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William Henry Furness, one seems to be making an index to half the history of the nation.

I must close this article by calling attention to a peculiarity in Boston life, which I think has not been sufficiently observed. I am apt to refer it to the early organization of a school open to all the citizens, not merely for elementary instruction, but for what in the time was considered classic. What followed was that, besides the clergy and lawyers of the town, the active men,—the merchants and seamen and tradesmen of the town,—had had the advantages which must attend liberal education. John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Henry Knox, for instance, were not preachers, nor lawyers nor physicians. They were men of business. But they had been trained to read the best books; they could read them in Greek and Latin if they chose; and they were in touch thus with the larger interests of mankind. When I read the history of Massachusetts, and especially the history of Boston, I am impressed by the fact that leadership in those communities has not belonged to men of one occupation or of another. Men who had in them the ability to lead have been apt to lead.

At the present moment there is hardly a man in Boston of any importance in commercial circles or in manufacturing circles who, beside his regular vocation as a merchant or manufacturer, is not committed willingly to some service to the public, in the administration of a hospital, or of a savings bank, or of a life insurance company, or of a school. This does not mean that such men go into politics. It does mean, however, that every one of them feels that he has a duty to the public, a duty to mankind. As I read the history of Boston, I find that this habit has been a habit for a hundred and fifty years. The new life given to the commonwealth by the establishment of independence gave to such men a wider field than they ever had before. Such is one of the great gifts of liberty.

I am apt to ascribe this habit to the education given to such men in boyhood. They were early taught that to add and to subtract is not all; that man does not live by bread alone; that wealth, as wealth, is simply vulgar. And though they hammered this out unwillingly, perhaps, as they read the speeches of Cicero or grappled with different problems of language in Thucydides, they entered as boys into the larger life. I think to such experience we owe that broad determination, so curious when we see it in a town of twenty thousand people, that the town of Boston shall be one of the examples and leaders of the world.

(Continuation of Dr. Hale's Reminiscences in the June number.)

THE PASSING OF THE SHIPS

Out in the wide unknown,
Sail, ship, sail out afar,
Farther than sun or star—
Farther than thought hath flown.
Forth to the wide unknown, sail, ship!
And bear us home.

O none may go on the voyage we go;
We must manage our barque alone.
And worlds, they sweep o'er the wide blue
deep
Like gulls o'er the ocean's foam.
And spray shall rise, like the tears we
weep

When others before us shall cross the
deep,
Sailing home, sailing home.

Out in the wide unknown,
Farther than Time hath trod—
Farther than wish hath fluttered,
Where only the ear of God
Hath heard what the dark wave uttered.
Out in the wide unknown,
Sail, ship! and bear us home.

Olla C. Tobey.

A KNIGHT OF THE WHEEL

BY WINSLOW BATES.

"SEEMS ter me ef I war you, Esther Moore, I wudn't go makin' a spec'cle uf myself, ridin' round town with that young Arnold fellar. Folks ain't dun nuthin' but talk 'bout yer ever since yer got that *bicycle* or *safety*—land knows whut yer du cull it."

The tall, thin woman settled back in her chair with a jerk, and began knitting in a manner that was almost fierce. The words, although uttered with all the contempt that a spinster of the severest New England type could muster, met with no response from the young girl who stood before the little gilt-framed mirror, taking off her hat. Of late, since she had commenced riding, these outbreaks had been frequent, and she had found it best to say nothing in return. The wisdom of adhering to "least said, soonest mended," had been something she had learnt years ago, when she first came to live alone with her aunt in the now dilapidated, once respectable little house that lay just beyond the village common. Such, however, was not her aunt's policy.

"Beats all whut gals air cumin' ter nowadays." The prim figure in the chair suspended her knitting a moment, and looked at her niece over her spectacles. "Dun't b'lieve ther's nuther gal in th' hul county, goes ridin' round on er thing like that. 'Tain't 'spect'ble ner lady-like nuther. Orter be 'shamed uf yerself. H'm—wunder whut my folks a said ef they'd er seen me astride uf a *bicycle*." This last with withering scorn.

Still no answer from the girl.

"Jest a cuse Henry Arnold went down ter th' city, an' seen er few silly upstarts a tryin' ter du everything er fellar duse, you hev ter go an' spend 'bout all yer school airnin's an' git a *bicycle* too. H'm, ef yer knew all th' people air a sayin' 'bout yer, yer wudn't be ser plaguy tickled ter go flyin' round Wusburry as ef yer war stark starin' mad. H'm, s'pose bum'by yer'll be a gittin' uf sum kinder thing buth uf yer kin ride double. Pretty figur' yer'll cut then."

The girl started to pick up her things. "I'm sorry Aunt Betty you're so set against it, but perhaps if you were younger and could ride a wheel, you might think differently."

"Wal—Esther Moore—hev you got a

mite uf sense left in that head o' your'n. The idea—wal—I declar'—I, but words falled her, and the knitting-needles began to click fiercer than ever.

The girl improved the opportunity by leaving the room.

A scene somewhat similar to this was transpiring at about the same time in the village of Ludbridge, not more than a couple of miles away. Deacon Arnold was fast losing his patience. For the third time, his evening nap had just been interrupted by his son's late entrance to supper. This was one grievance; the *bicycle* was another.

"Wal, Henry Arnold, I'd like ter know how long yerse a goin' ter n'gleet yer work, an' go traipsin' off with that Moore gal?"

"Why, father, you have'n't got anything against Esther Moore, have you?"

"Wal—no, not 'sactly. Gal's right nuff—leastways war, afore she tuk ter ridin' a *bicycle*. 'Tain't th' praper thing fer a gal, ner a boy, ner nobody else ter du. Sum pesky new fangled 'rangement ter git throu' th' wuld fuster than yer orter. Like ter know whut's th' matter with th' legs God give yer, or er good steady goin' mare like old Dinah. Wun't be lung afore you young critters 'all want ter fly. *Bicycles*—h'm—ther dudn't hev 'em when I war a boy—dudn't need 'em—an' I reckon we war all th' butter without 'em. Wunder what yer ma 'da said ef she's lived ter seen yer a purchud up on one uf them things. Fer lung sum er yer chaps 'ull go a deal sight fuster than God Almighty meant yer ter. Boys nowadays think—gosh knows whut ther du think," and the deacon shook his head, and flourished his hand with a deprecatory gesture, that seemed to imply that there was no hope for them anyway.

"Sorry, father, you don't like them, but I rather guess they've come to stay." The young man rose from the table and started to leave the room. As he reached the door, he stopped and turned round.

"Oh, father, I forgot to tell you that Esther's aunt was very much obliged for those sweet pea seeds you sent her. They're getting along first-rate. She said she'd be real pleased to have you come over any time and see them."

"Ah, dud she. Wal—wal, prup's I will.

but let me hev my nap out now." And the deacon's head went bobbing back in the big armchair again, with a smile on his face instead of a frown. All of which meant something.

At the end of another year, Esther and Henry had concluded, figuratively speaking, to ride the rest of life's journey tandem style. So Aunt Betty's prophecy of "sum kinder thing buth uf 'em cud ride double," had in a measure come true. They had been married the previous fall, and as Henry's new position was located in a neighboring town, the young couple had gone there to live. The bicycles, however, had been left behind; one in the unfinished attic of the little house by the common, and the other in the deacon's barn-loft in Ludbridge.

Five years later, they were still standing in their respective attics, excellent frameworks upon which the spiders could spin their webs. New ones of a more approved type had long ago taken their places, so they had never been sent for. Indeed, it is likely they would have remained there forever, had not a wave of chivalry swept over the Arnold household. It was rather a unique incident; well worth recording, perhaps.

It may be said, by way of introduction, that for the past few years, Aunt Betty's sweet-pea garden had flourished famously. Whether it was the new variety of seeds she now used, or the constant supervision they received from Deacon Arnold, that caused this extremely desirable change, it cannot be determined, but certain it was that the aforesaid flowers budded and blossomed to an extent never known before. Had the question been casually put to any of the Ludbridge gossips, one would have immediately noticed a strong tendency for an eyelid to droop, and a still stronger tendency to attribute Aunt Betty's success to the latter of the above reasons. Be that as it may, had you lived at this time on the somewhat deserted road between Westberry and Ludbridge, you might have seen every Sunday afternoon, precisely at three o'clock, a little cloud of dust come slowly down the neighboring hill. And with it would presently appear in sight, the deacon's old black mare Dinah, and the nondescript buggy whose rear wheels had a sort of languid desire to part company

with their forward brethren and pursue a track of their own inclination. As it passed, you would catch a glimpse of the deacon himself sitting bolt upright inside, a position rendered expedient, you inferred, either from the stiffness of his high, white dickey, or from his own notions of how a deacon-lover should carry himself. And then again about milking time or soon after, the little cloud of dust might have been seen travelling back along the country road in the other direction, and thus another Sunday was added to the already long list of the past ten years. But that was all. It was dust unto dust; nothing more. And in all probability so it would have continued, had not something happened.

On a certain morning in early June, as the deacon was stiffly jerking weeds out of a small patch of sweet corn, an old man came sauntering across the adjoining field and took up his stand on the opposite side of the rail fence.

"Er—say—de'cun. Heard 'bout Betsey May?"

"No—whut 'bout her?" The deacon stopped weeding and stood upright with a suddenness that brought a stitch in his side.

"Wal, Sye Page jest cum frum Wus'-burry with er lad uf manure, an' he war a tellin' me 'bout it. Gess yer ain't ben over thar a lately, hev yer?" The old man cast a vacant sort of a glance around the sky, as if looking for rain-clouds.

The deacon stooped to pick a weed off his boot "Wal—no, not fer a cunsid'ble time, not fer must six months, I reckon. Ain't ben thar since my old mare die-d. Leettle too fur ter hoof it. Can't 'ford ter buy nuther mare. Whut war yerse a sayin' 'bout Betsey May?"

"Oh yes—oh yes, Sye Page war a tellin' me. Seems them bruthers uf her'n over in Dunton Fuller ain't willin' fer her ter live alun no longer in that shud uf a huse jest a yond th' cummun. Says she's a gut ter cum an' stay wi' 'em now whuther she's a mind ter er not. Sye says she tuk on drudful. Wun't du it nohow. It 'ud kill her. She never cud stund her bruthers' folks, yer know."

"Dud Sye tull yer anything more?"

"Wal, no—don't b'leve he dud. 'cept thar war a goin' ter tuk her erway by furce, ef she didn't guv in afore Sut-d-y."

The deacon did not answer. In an abstracted kind of way, he commenced to punch little holes in the earth with the end of his hoe-handle.

"Er—say—de'cun?"

The deacon apparently did not hear.

"Er—say—De'cun?"

The figure in the garden stopped punching holes. "Whut's that yer say, Abel? I didn't quite hear yer."

"I war jest er sayin' that mebbe ef yer dud'nt mind I'd cum round ergin this afternoon an' hulf yer git down that hus-hoer yer was er goin' ter lend me. It's up in yer loft, ain't it?"

"Yes—b'lieve 'tis, Abel."

"Wal, I'll be over sumtime afore dark. Good-day, de'cun."

"Good-day, Abel."

And the old man hobbled away across the field, making rather more noise blowing his nose than might ordinarily have been considered necessary. "Gess I kinder guve th' de'cun er start," he chuckled to himself, as he glanced back and saw the erect black form still punching holes.

It is needless to say that no more weeds were dug that morning; and that evening the good deacon's head instead of bobbing serenely back and forth in his customary nap, rested profoundly on his hand in an attitude that the meditative Marcus Aurelius might have envied. It had been an eventful day. Strange things had happened; things, it must be confessed, that had stirred up the deacon mightily. The confusion had started that morning when Abel had told him about the goings-on over in Westberry, and before he had sufficiently recovered from that shock to know what he was about he had punched the greater portion of his little corn patch over with holes. It was the outer manifestation of an inner struggle. Following close upon the heels of this, he had gone mechanically to the hay-loft to see if the hoer was ready for Abel's use, but before he ever got as far as the hoer, his eyes rested upon another object. It was Henry's bicycle, leaning against one of the barn-studdings, covered with dust and cobwebs. For a space of nearly an hour, he stood glued to the spot, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon this once familiar bit of machinery. And then, several things happened with such startling rapidity of succession, that they

dazed the deacon at the time, and still left him in a somewhat bewildered condition now they were over and he was sitting in his evening armchair. It is impossible to relate all these occurrences; they were a comedy in themselves. Sufficient it is to say that as the deacon dozed off at last in his sleep that night, he was painfully aware that his body ached most terribly from sundry sores and bruises, and in his dreams he seemed continually to have strange visions of himself riding along in company with the knights of old, with no lesser castle looming in the distance than a certain little once respectable house, near a village common. All of which puzzled him greatly.

Abel had failed to put in an appearance that afternoon, but the next morning when he came, the deacon cautiously drew him aside into one corner of the barn, and pointed to the bicycle standing there scrupulously clean and resplendent, much as if he had been Don Quixote pointing to his famous steed, Rozinante. Then he drawled out,—

"Er—say—Abel. I reckon ther wun't take Aunt Betsey off afore Sund'y cums."

"Wal, what's ter hender? Who's er goin' ter stop it?"

"I reckon I am," and the deacon drew himself up in some such an attitude as Louis XIV. of France must have assumed, when he uttered those words: "L'Etat c'est moi." (I am the State.)

Abel did not answer. He stood gazing at the deacon's grandeur. A rather blank expression characterized his features, and he was vaguely conscious of a weakening somewhere about the knees. Then the deacon began to speak again. Abel tried hard to pull himself together enough to listen.

"Er—Abel, I'm a tellin' yer sum'n ef yer'll kup it a secret." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"I'm a goin' ter marry Aunt Betsey afore Sut'd'y."

Again his listener nearly collapsed. His mouth increased its gap by a full inch, and his hand reached out to steady himself against a grain-barrel. But the deacon, carried away by the passion of the moment, failed to notice all this, and forthwith burst another bomb under poor Abel's feet.

"I'm er goin' ter rud over ter Wus'burry an' git her on that durned thing."

This time verily, had an atom of dust fallen on Abel's head, he would have sunk prostrate on the barn floor. But no dust fell, and his feeble, unsteady limbs certainly did yeoman service in upholding him.

Now that the deacon had stormed and captured the outworks, the taking of the citadel itself was a less difficult task. So he presently broached the entire subject to his slowly recovering listener.

Er yes, Abel—I reckon afore Sut'd'y cums, I'll be able ter hundle th' plaguy crittur. Ther ain't 'bout fur pints er matter with her es fur as I cun make out. When yer unce git on yer cun't git off, an' when yer unce git off yer cun't git on. Them's th' furst two; th' others be: when yer unce git er goin' durned ef yer cun stup, an' when yer unce stup, durned ef yer kin git a goin' ergin. Gosh—she's a pesky sight wuss than old Dinar war when she war a cult, an' I war a breakin' uf her in. But I ain't a goin' ter guve it up, nut, ef I'm a knowin' uf myself. I know yerse a thinkin' whut er fool I be, but I ain't. Reckon twar th' newness uf th' thing I war so sot ergin when Henry furst got it. 'Tain't so now; thar's a lut uf 'em 'bout. Gess ther's no harm in 'em; reckon they've cum ter stay. An'—er—Abel. I'm er goin' ter rud over 'bout Fri-d'y; dun't 'spect ter be back fer 'bout er week. Uf yerse a mind ter, yer might jest drup inter th' hus 'bout nuxt Thus-d'y, an' slick things up a bit. Wud'nt want Betsey ter think I dudn't keep my hus real nice an' clean." The deacon paused a moment, and then added, "Wal, s'pose Abel, we might as well be a gittin' th' hus-hoer down. How lung be yerse a thinkin' uf keepin' it?"

On Friday morning at early cock-crow, the good deacon, true to his intention, locked up his little house, and hiding the key where Abel could find it, sallied forth on his journey of knight-errantry.

To attempt to give an in anyways adequate description of this remarkable sally, is, we regret, beyond the humble power of the present chronicler. I would I had for my reader's sake, the pen of a Cervantes; but alas, I have not, and it is to be feared that this heroic undertaking of our modern Don Quixote must forever remain untold. How much the world loses by this lack of a proper historian,

can be vaguely ascertained, were the reader to try to imagine the very angular but very erect figure of our good deacon, arrayed in his spotless suit of customary black, riding along the exceedingly countrified, but unromantic road, that led to Westberry. He carried himself with all the majesty and bearing of a knight of the Crusaders; the righteous gentleman of Cervantes' time, would, we imagine, have suffered woefully in comparison. It is to be regretted also for our present purposes that history fails to record whether our vallant redresser of wrongs met on his journey with any such exciting adventures as his ancient precursor, Don Quixote, encountered in those of the windmills and the enchanted inn, but it is hinted to us that our hero's ride was not an uneventful one. Indeed, we believe that something was said about various stone walls being overthrown by the wayside, and of numerous farmers' dogs that still bear to-day, the honorable scars of collision and battle with our knight of the wheel. But concerning all these, the worthy gentleman himself preserves an impenetrable silence.

We again regret that our legend is not complete, for of the deacon's sojourn at the court of Westberry, of his amorous interview with the fair Dulcinea, and of his subsequent journey homewards with this beauteous lady by his side, not a word is vouchsafed. They are ignored as completely as if they had never occurred. But we have, however, excellent reasons to the contrary, for the chronicle closes with an account of the deacon's arrival in his native town accompanied by she who had so successfully laid siege to his heart.

On the morning of the day in question, the interior, and the exterior for that matter, of the deacon's little homestead presented an appearance which would have led one to believe that old Abel had not been entirely unfaithful in the task assigned to him. Things had certainly been slicked up a bit, and to an extent that caused Abel to wonder at times if the deacon himself, when he arrived, would much approve of the change. But then, the blame of this radical transformation could not altogether be laid at Abel's door. He had been assisted, or rather supplanted, by Esther and Henry who

had come unexpectedly to visit the deacon. The item of news with which they had been greeted, when Abel came hobbling over to the house to let them in, had been received in a manner that at first well-nigh paralleled the old man's own experience. But they quickly recovered from it, for, if the truth be known, to them the coming event had long ago cast before it, its shadow. So they forthwith instituted a reformation and a renovation of the deacon's effects, that would best suit Aunt Betsey's taste, a taste that Esther considered herself a competent judge of from past experiences.

The news of the event, despite the deacon's precaution to Abel, spread rapidly throughout the village. Poor little Ludbridge was as rudely awakened from its drowsy existence as ever the deacon was from his evening nap. For several days it was thrown into a flurry of excitement. Hither and thither, in their zeal of preparation, hurried the important personages, and the deacon's little front gate was kept so constantly on the swing, that at last on the third day, unable to stand one strain longer, it fell from its hinges to the ground. And there it lay. Meanwhile the humble presents and offerings of good wishes poured into the deacon's best room with a rapidity that was only equalled by the outside preparations that were taking place in the form of a "Welcome" arch. The evergreens of the woods and the gayly colored bunting unearched from the attic chests were indiscriminately pressed into the service. The effect of all this, was, as may very well be imagined, gorgeous and thrilling to the eye. Nothing was wanting save perhaps a brass-band to strike up "Behold, the Conquering Hero Comes." But then, the people of Ludbridge never dreamt even of that.

Finally the important day arrived. It was uncertain at what time the bridal party would put in their appearance, so to be on the safe side, the people began to assemble early. Long before ten o'clock the whole village had gathered in front of the deacon's house. It was a reception fit for a king; impressive to a degree, comical to the extreme.

As they waited, Esther and Henry were wondering how they would greet the bride and groom. Esther spoke first.

"Well, I know just what I'm going to

say. I'm going to use the very same words that Aunt Betsey used to scold me with. I shall say 'seems ter me ef I war you Aunt Betty, I wudn't go makin' er spect'cle uf myself, ridin' round town with that *old* Arnold fellar. Beats all whut you gals is cumiu' ter nowadays. Orter be 'shamed uf yerself. 'Tain't 'spect'ble ner lady-like nuther. The idea—wal—I declar—I," and Esther laughed heartily as she recalled her aunt's words. "What did your father used to say, Henry?"

It was Henry's turn to laugh.

"Oh, I'll have to ask him 'how lung it 'ull be afore he'll wanten ter fly,' or something about '*old* chaps nowadays wantin' ter go er deal sight fuster than God Almighty meant 'em ter'. My stars, won't it be fun?"

Henry had no sooner ceased speaking than the cry went through the crowd that "They are coming!" Hats came off in an instant, heads reached forward to the right and left, and every one braced themselves to give the rousing ovation. And given it was in good earnest; it was said that the farmers over in Westberry heard it. And then after the cheer, when all was quiet, the bridal party came in sight. And the crowd saw—alas, my pen fails me again, but I swear, gentle reader, that such a sight was never beheld, before or since. For coming down the road in a similar path to that of a snake's, with her prim body rigidly erect, and her bonnet bobbing back and forth in the air, was Aunt Betty perched in the saddle of what was once Esther's wheel. While behind her, tied to the end of a tow-rope, was drawn the deacon on the other wheel with its chain broken. But the second ovation that met them as they reached the house was disastrous. It was too much for their already overstrung nerves. With a wavering lurch to one side both wheels suddenly collapsed, and the gallant pair were sent rolling ignominiously over in the middle of the dusty road.

And then they picked themselves up, and arm in arm, walked under the arch of welcome into the house, amid the deafening cheers of the wedding guests. Napoleon, had he lived to pass beneath the Arc de Triomphe at the head of his National Guard of France, could not have presented a grander spectacle.

THE TARNISHED FLOWER

BY LEONARD FREEMAN BURBANK.

ALEXANDER Couza stood in front of John Ghika's house waiting for the door to be opened. It was a wild night. The stinging wind blew fiercely across the plain, making the trees of the great forests which protected the little hamlet on the north and east, lash their branches as if in anger. He had knocked once and was about to repeat the summons when the door was cautiously opened.

"What's wanted?" asked some one from within.

"I want you to paint a flower beside my door post."

Upon hearing this John Ghika smiled. "Come in," he said, pushing the door wide open and standing to one side so that his neighbor could enter. "So it's a girl. That's bad; girls are no good; but then, it can't be helped."

"Bad or not I want you to come and paint the flower. We have waited years for a child and now that we have one, I want everyone to know it."

"Don't trouble yourself on that score, the whole village will know it before tomorrow. But really Alexandro, what's the hurry? No one in Roumania paints the flower on his house until the girl begins to be a woman and here you are, an hour after your child is born, coming to me. Well, no matter, I will go over in the morning to see what can be done."

The next day the two men stood in front of Alexandro's house. John Ghika had his paints and brushes.

"Well, what is it to be?" he said.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I want a rose, but the woman wants a lily. She says the lily means purity. I think we had better have the rose, she will like it when she sees it."

"If the wife wants a lily she shall have it. I believe in this matter in giving the woman the choice."

"But I said I wanted a rose," protested Alexandro.

"That makes no difference, I paint a lily

or nothing. Do you know there is not a lily beside a door in the whole village? Queer, isn't it? This will be the first. It will be a fine thing to have it different."

Before Alexandro could offer further objection, John Ghika had climbed upon the wooden seat beside the door and began his work. The flower grew slowly, for he was by no means an expert with the brush. It was only at times like this, when some neighbor wished to have it known that the child of his house was a girl, that he had a chance to exercise his skill. This was not often, for Orsova was but a small village, of perhaps one hundred houses, partly set along the plain which extended in the dim distance, and partly in the great forest.

Alexandro Couza remained silent while the artist worked. His interest was that of self-aggrandizement. The thing itself did not concern him except so far as it raised him in the estimation of his neighbors, and showed his importance to the few strangers who came that way.

When the flower was finished, John Ghika got down from the bench, stepped back a few feet and surveyed his work.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he said.

"It's the finest in the village," replied Alexandro, rubbing his hands with an air of pompous satisfaction, unusual to a peasant. "Now, every year on her birthday I want you to come and add something to it, I don't care what, anything to make it fine."

"May the flower ever grow and unfold its leaves year by year, until the child comes to womanhood and becomes the wife of some sturdy man," said the painter in taking leave of his customer.

"Amen," was the reply.

Year by year the child grew, and each birthday a bit of stem and a green leaf was added to the lily beside the door. When Elëna was sixteen, she was the prettiest of the village maidens. Her parents were proud of her, the youth of

the village waited anxiously for her approving smile, and best of all, the girls with whom she associated sung her praises. At the spinning circle she always led, standing in the centre and chanting some song of the people. Happy indeed was the girl who received the spindle from her hand to continue the chant and lead in the spinning. When she worked in the fields her sweet song made easier the task of the laborer. Wherever she went, old and young would smile upon her and say, "here comes the angel of Orsovaza." Among the village lads there was a rivalry for her hand, yet only two, Basil Boydan and Michael Serban, made bold to hope that they would be the favored ones. Each watched the other with jealous eyes and was merry or sad as matters looked to him. One evening, during the great harvest moon, work in the fields had been carried on until late. The laborers were slowly tramping homeward, the older people leading the way, the youths and maidens following. Basil Boydan was by Elèna's side. They had fallen far behind the others. For a while they walked along in silence. At last, just before the first house in the settlement was reached, Basil said to his companion, "I am going away to-morrow, and want to talk to you. Let us take the path which leads over the brook."

Elèna gave a start of surprise. By way of answer she led the way in the direction which he had suggested. The noise of the harvesters' voices was soon lost in the distance. Both were thinking, and neither noticed the shadow which followed so closely behind them. Basil was the first to speak.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, "I can't stay here in this place any longer, its littleness and its narrowness chokes me. I have just read a book about the great world, and I must see it. This morning my father has given his consent for me to go. Tomorrow I leave for Bukharest. I have saved a few gold pieces with which I was to set up a home for myself and the woman who might become my wife. With them and my labor I hope to become something more than what I could be here; but before I go I want to ask you to become my wife. I love you, and that is why I am going away. I want to be somebody for you sake."

Elèna was taken by surprise. Her heart

almost stopped beating, and she stood still in the path, the moonlight clothing her with its soft radiance.

"Do not keep me waiting!" cried the youth, taking her hand, which she did not withdraw from his grasp.

"I know that this is not according to the custom of our country, but promise to be my wife, and when I return we will follow custom."

The snapping of a twig startled them. They moved onward, whispering to each other. The shadow which was always behind them they did not see. At Alexandro Couza's house they stopped. Elèna was about to enter when Basil, putting his arm around her, drew her toward him.

"Before I go," he said, "I want you to kiss me, for the remembrance of it will keep me to my resolve."

The girl raised her head, the two embraced and gave the farewell kiss. Elèna gently opened the door and entered the house, Basil went whistling to his home, and the shadow disappeared in the darkness.

The next day Basil left town to go on his quest for fortune, happy in the assurance that sometime Elèna Couza would become his wife.

That evening, as the villagers were returning from the fields, Elèna was not with them. She had stayed at home, pleading illness as an excuse for not doing her share of the gleanings.

"It's strange that Elèna Couza was not in the fields to-day, where can she have been?" asked one of the youths who formed the group which was last in the little procession. "Say, Michael Serban, where was Elèna Couza to-day?"

"How should I know?" asked Michael, in a tone of indifference. "The last I saw of her she was being hugged and kissed by Basil Boydan."

"When was that?" asked every one with one accord, drawing nearer the speaker.

"Last night," was the reply. "Did you not notice them when they left the road and wandered off by the brook path? It was a long while before they returned. I think Elèna Couza has forgotten the flower beside the door."

"Well, if she has, we will make her remember it!" suggested one of the lads to whom Elèna had paid but little attention. "She knows the custom of our country."

"Why, her walking along the brook path with Basil is nothin," cried another of the group.

"You would say it was something if you saw all that I did. No wonder Basil Boydan has gone away, and that Elèna Couza did not come to work to-day."

The Roumanian peasant is suspicious and jealous; although slow in many things he is quick enough at times when revenge is the passion which is at work. The spark which Michael Serban had made to glow soon became a flame. Before the youths had separated, to go to their respective homes, plans had been made to erase from the walls of Alexandro Couza's house the flower which, according to Roumanian custom, informed the world that a virgin dwelt within, but which, when bespoiled, told a story of shame and disgrace.

The next morning, those who went about early were surprised to see the lily beside the door of Alexandro Couza's house covered with great dabs of red paint. Like an emblem of death it sent a chill to each beholder. The news spread from house to house with the rapidity of a fire which consumes the dry grasses of the plains, and a terrible suspense overshadowed the little settlement. In small places there is an intimacy and a community of interest which draws families very near together. Not a household in Orsovaza but felt the awful calamity which had befallen one of their number. They talked, feared and waited. Waited for what they knew to be the inevitable. The entire village had heard of what happened before Alexandro Couza himself found it out. When he saw what had been done he was overcome with horror. For some time he stood looking at the spot where the flower had been, yet seeing it not. Gradually the stupor which had seized him gave way to rage. He went toward the house with great strides, and opening the door, went in. Elèna was in the living room spinning and singing. As he entered she looked up, with a smile which quickly faded when she saw her father's face.

"Oh, father!" she cried, dropping her shuttle, "what has happened?"

He did not answer. Grasping her by the wrist, he dragged her toward the door and out into the space in front of the house.

"Look!" he hissed, pointing toward the wall, "look!"

Elèna trembled with fright, and the color left her face. "Oh, father!" she cried, "What does it mean?"

"Mean, girl! It means that you have disgraced me!"

"No, no, I have not! It is some mistake, some joke. I have done nothing wrong."

The color had come back to her face, deepening to a crimson flush, and she began to cry, at the same time starting to enter the house.

Her father seized her, and in his rage hurled her to the ground, where she lay almost stunned. "Girl!" he cried, "Never come here again! I will no longer have you for a child of mine! go!"

He turned from her, went into the house and bolted the door.

Sobbing and half dazed, she lay where she had fallen. At last, raising herself from the ground with difficulty, she went and tried the door. It was locked. "Father! father!" she cried. "Let me in, I am innocent." Waiting a moment, she again shook the heavy iron latch with a fierceness which comes only with despair. "Father! Mother! hear me, please let me in," she sobbed.

There was no reply. Gradually the awful truth came to her that she was an outcast. Although innocent, she realized her terrible position. Every girl in the village knew what it meant to have the flower beside the door blotted out. In these moments of her first sorrow she wished to hide herself, but where was she to go? To the house of some neighbor? No. When in disgrace we shun our acquaintances. Should she seek the great world? It was miles away beyond the plain and the forest. She had always felt a dread of the forest, with its stillness and deep shade, but now with a sudden impulse she fled to it, where alone, she wandered aimlessly about until exhausted, then lay down upon the ground to rest, and finally sobbed herself into an uneasy sleep. She was awakened by a gentle shake. Before her stood Hilma Chapea. Hilma was old, ugly looking, and had the reputation of being bad. She had been shunned by her neighbors for many years, and of all the young people in the place, none had been kind to her but Elèna Couza.

The young girl raised herself, and as she again thought of her unhappiness, began to cry.

"There, there," said the old woman scotchingly, "don't cry. I know what has been done, but I don't believe bad of you. Come to my house, and bye and bye it will all be right."

"No, no! I can't do that," sobbed the girl. "I am an outcast, and none must befriend me."

"Yes there must. The neighbors don't like me and fear me, but I will show them I am not afraid of their opinions. You can't stay here, little one, and they won't take you in; so come with me."

Old Hilma put her arm about the young girl's waist, and together the two women, taking a path which led toward the village, made their way to Hilma's house, where Elèna found a home.

It had been all sunshine in the young girl's life; now it was all shadow. If she ventured among her neighbors they looked at her with scorn, and the companions who had been loudest in singing her praises now shunned her.

"I cannot go out among the people any more," she said to Hilma, "my burden is heavy enough without more being added to it. If Basil were only here he would set everything right."

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks, months. The rich hue of health left her cheeks, her hands grew thin. For hours she would sit looking into vacancy. Spring had come. It was the Sabbath, and the villagers had gathered in the little church, all except Hilma Chapea and Elèna Couza. Only once or twice since becoming an outcast had Elèna entered the church. She was a religious girl, and sadly missed the Sabbath services, but she had been treated so harshly in that house where love and charity should dwell, that she no longer went.

As the day was warm, after the villagers had assembled for worship, the two lonely women came out and sat on the little wooden bench behind the door. The sky was blue, the sun shone warm, a peaceful stillness rested over the settlement. Suddenly Elèna seized the old woman by the arm, "See, see!" she cried, "John Biber's house is on fire! What shall we do?"

Without waiting for a reply, she left her companion and ran toward the church.

She hesitated for a moment, for the preacher was praying, then throwing wide the door, she screamed, "Fire! fire! John Biber's house is on fire!"

In a moment the little church became the scene of wild confusion. Men, women and children, screaming and crying, rushed for the door. Above the noise a woman's shrill, agonizing voice was heard. "My boy, save him! In heaven's name, save him!" Elèna heard the scream. Across the street, in front of the people she flew, and before they could stop her, had entered the burning house which, by this time was one mass of flames. The crowd stopped, and a spell of intense suspense held them. They waited breathlessly. It was but a few moments before Elèna appeared, carrying the child, yet it seemed hours to the anxious people grouped in front of the burning house. A sigh of intense relief swept through the crowd.

The girl had escaped none too soon. Just as she crossed the threshold into the open air the roof fell in. Running quickly forward she gave the little one to its mother, then, before the people recovered from their stupor, disappeared. Since she had been driven from her father's house and shunned by her neighbors, Elèna had grown to fear those with whom she had once been so friendly.

There was a movement to follow her, but a wild cry of fire caused the crowd to turn back. The sparks from the falling roof had set fire to other houses of the little village. In fighting for their homes the people forgot the girl. All the afternoon they worked. At last the flames were extinguished. Tired and sorrowfully the villagers gathered in front of the church to rest for a while, and plan for housing the homeless ones. They formed themselves into small groups. Suddenly Sophia Rosetto, pointing in the direction of the road which led through the forest, cried, "Look! there comes a man. Whom can he be?"

They all turned toward the direction indicated. The man came rapidly toward them.

"It's my Basil!" exclaimed Sylvia Boydan, rushing forward. Mother and son were soon surrounded by their neighbors, who, in the pleasure of welcoming the new comer, ceased for a moment to think of their loss.

Looking among his friends and not seeing Elèna, the youth went to her father, who stood near by. "Where is Elèna?" he asked.

Alexandro frowned. "Don't mention her to me," he said, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"And why not?" asked the youth in surprise.

"She is no longer a daughter of mine," cried the father, with rising anger. "She has disgraced me, and is no longer mine."

"Who told you so?"

"No one told me, but the flower on the wall was blotted out, and that is enough."

"It may be for you, but not for me."

Looking among the group which had gathered around, Basil saw many an anxious face turned toward him. "Who is responsible for this?" he said commandingly. There was silence. Even those who had paid but little attention to the conversation, ceased their chatter and pressed nearer.

"What, lads!" he said, after waiting some moments, "will no one speak to save the good name of her whom but a few months ago was our idol? Stephen Ghika, if you know, tell me!"

Stephen hung his head and muttered something which no one could understand.

"Out with it lad," urged Basil, taking his friend by the shoulder, "It is far worse to see an honest girl suffer than it is to give away a secret which Roumanian youths are taught to hold sacred. Come, I must know, for I want her for my wife and her good name is dear to me."

At this announcement each man looked at his neighbor and the women tossed their heads with an air of mingled surprise and interest.

"We all did it," faltered Stephen, "but Michael Serban told us that she had disgraced her name."

"Whose name did he mention with hers? Tell me; don't hesitate."

"Yours," stammered Stephen.

Basil released his grasp, his pale face flushed. "Mine, mine, no! She is innocent, so am I. Where is she? Where is Michael Serban?"

Some looked in one direction, some in another; some pointed to the house where Elèna made her home, others looked for Michael. Turning to Alexandro, the youth took off his cap and made a low

bow. "I want your daughter for my wife," he said. "Before I went away I asked her to love me, and as a token of good will and love we kissed each other at parting. That was her only crime. It was Michael Serban's jealousy which brought about this misery. It must last no longer. Say that Elèna is mine, and I will bring her home."

Alexandro was silent; contending emotions kept him from replying.

"Speak, man, speak!" urged the youth impatiently. "Speak, and help undo this wrong."

Alexandro, as if awakening from a dream, nodded his head.

Pushing aside the men and women who stood about, Basil made his way through the crowd and ran to Hilma Chapea's. Without stopping to knock, he entered and shut the door behind him. The villagers had followed him, and waited impatiently without. In a few moments the door opened. The two young people and old Hilma stood before the crowd. Shout after shout rent the air. Joy and sorrow, love and hatred, ebb and flow like the tides of the sea, and the passions of a crowd veer like a weathercock that is turned with each breeze. The strongest youths seized the young people and raised them on their shoulders. Singing one of their quaint festal songs, they bore them to Elèna's old home. Alexandro and his wife stood in the doorway ready to receive them, and were about to lead their daughter into the little room from which only a few months before she had been so harshly expelled, when Basil interfered.

"Wait!" he said. A pure young woman is to live within. The flower on the wall is sullied. Before she enters let me remove the stain which envy and malice has made; let me paint anew the flower.

Standing on the bench beside the door, he began to paint, and as he worked, the villagers gathered around, singing hymns of joy. Only one was absent. Upon Basil's return Michael Serban had quietly left Orsovaza, and although diligent search was made for him, he was never seen again.

The flower completed, Elèna entered the house, happy in the thought that her good name had been proclaimed throughout the village.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF DAN

BY L. FRANK BAUM.

"To think," exclaimed farmer Biggs, solemnly, as in either hand he held upright the carving knife and fork, their butts resting upon the tablecloth; "to think as I should 'a' raised up a boy to be as extravagant as this!"

Aunt Annabel shook her head sorrowfully, Mrs. Biggs gave a low moan of grief and little 'Liz'beth with eyes big and wondering, stared full at her brother Dan.

Dan himself stood beside the breakfast table, half defiant, more than half embarrassed, and feeling uncommonly like a fish out of water. It was Sunday morning, and Dan, who had driven to town the evening before and returned late, had just sprung a genuine surprise upon the family circle.

"Jest look," continued his father, severely, as he pointed full at the culprit with the carving knife, "at that red smart an' high dude collar!"

"It ain't red," protested Dan, eagerly; "it's pink, with white stripes."

"An' the blue necktie!" gasped Aunt Annabel, with another reproachful shake of her head.

"An' the bran' new suit!" said Dan's mother, striving to conceal the tone of pride that crept into her voice.

"An' oh, Pop!—look at his shoes!" cried little 'Liz'beth, clapping her hands.

They all looked down at Dan's feet, and stared in amazement at the shiny, patent-leathers that glistened in all their newness.

"'Twere my money," said Dan, the blood surging into his round, beardless face, "an' I don't know as it's anybody's business 'cept mine. Can't a feller be a gentleman if he wants to?"

"Not with them hands," said his father, sternly.

Dan looked down at the big, red fists that hung far out of his sleeves, and then put them behind his back.

"Ner with them feet," declared Aunt Annabel, with evident contempt. Dan shifted them uneasily.

"Ner with that head o' hair," said his mother, critically. Dan's hands sought his head, and he ran his fingers slowly through the sandy shock of hair that adorned it.

"You kin cut it, can't ye, mar?" he asked, anxiously.

"I kin, o' course," replied Mrs. Biggs, "but I dunno as it would be a Christian act to encourage you in your foolish extravagance."

"Foolish ain't no name for it," announced Mr. Biggs; "it's down-right wicked."

"'Twere my money," repeated Dan, but the tears stood in his blue eyes as he realized the impossibility of justifying himself to his unsympathetic friends.

"You set down here an' eat your breakfast," said his mother, giving her husband a warning look; "we'll see about that hair-cut afterwards."

Dan meekly took his place at table, and the meal proceeded in silence, although 'Liz'beth could not keep her admiring eyes off her big brother.

"Arter you've finished, Dan'l," said his father, as he rose from his chair, "I'll see you in the barn."

Dan's appetite was indifferent, and as he pushed back from the table, his mother said,—

"Come over here by the winder, son, an' I'll see what can be done with that hair. Father can wait a bit, I guess."

Dan removed his coat and sat down obediently by the window. Mrs. Biggs took her scissors out of the work basket, and pinned a calico apron around Dan's neck.

"The suit ain't so bad," she said, musingly; "it looks like good stuff, an' it's pretty well made."

"Mr. Blodgett said it was the latest style," remarked Dan, proudly.

"Oh, you got it over to Blodgett's store, did you. How much did it cost, Dan?"

"Never you mind, mar," said Dan, falling back upon his original defence, "I earned the money."

Mrs. Biggs sighed and snipped busily away with the scissors.

"I'm glad you wasn't reckless enough to go to one of them barber fellers over town," she said.

"Oh, I were reckless 'nough; 'twarn't that, mar. I clean forgot all about it."

"I'm afraid, Dan'l," sighed Aunt Annabel, "that you're gittin' into bad ways. I never knew your father to spend so much

money at one time in his life. It must 'a' cost a heap."

Dan was silent, and the scissors clipped away briskly, until Mrs. Biggs announced the job was completed to her satisfaction.

"Now for pop," said Dan, and he put on his coat and walked resolutely to the barn. His father sat upon an upturned pail in moody reflection, and when his son halted before him he looked up and said,—

"Dan, I allus tried to be a good father to you. When you come twenty-one this spring I let the hired man go an' took you in his place—on half wages. 'Taint ev'ry father would 'a' done that. An' when you come to me last night an' wanted fifteen dollars, I made sure you was goin' to put it in the bank. Sech a thought as your a spendin' of it recklessly never entered my head. Whatever made you do it, Dan—whatever made you do it?"

"Look here, pop; we've had 'bout 'nough o' this kind o' talk," said Dan, with spirit; "I've worked steady an' I've earned the money, an' it's my bus'ness. I'd got tired o' them baggy old clo's an' home-made shirts, an' made up my mind I'd dress as a feller should dress; an' now it's did, an' there's no backin' out. So you jest take it quiet an' let it pass."

"Well, well," said Mr. Biggs, after a little thought, "you never did sech a thing afore, an' so we'll let it pass, as you say. Mebbe it'll be a good lesson to you."

He arose from his seat, as if to indicate that the interview was at an end, but Dan hung around as though there was something more he wished to say. Finally he mustered up courage to ask,—

"Kin I take the brown mare an' the top buggy to drive to church?"

"The top buggy! Air ye too proud to ride wif the rest of us in the wagin?"

"I thought I'd go over to the Larkinsville church this mornin'."

"An' why?" questioned his father, in surprise; "ain't the church at the Corners good enough fer you?"

"Oh, it's good 'nough; but all the best folks go to Larkinsville."

"The rich farmers as live on the turnpike go there," said his father, sharply, "but you ain't got no call to associate with the Larkins an' Pentons an' Ab-

beys. Why, they'd stick up their noses at the son o' a poor farmer like me."

"Anyhow," persisted Dan, stubbornly, "I'd like to go."

"Then go!" growled the farmer; "you'll know more the next time. I s'pose you want to show off them new clo's—an' the red sairt."

So Dan drove over to the Larkinsville church, and, strange to say, seemed in high spirits on his return. And on Monday morning he put on his old clothes again and went to work with his usual energy and good will.

During the week, farmer Larkins, reputed the richest man in the county, rode up to the Biggs farm to arrange for the purchase of some milch cows. While he was talking with Dan's father the boy passed by and touched his hat respectfully to the great man.

"That's a good lad you have there," said Mr. Larkins, looking after him; "he was over to our church Sunday, an' set in our pew; an' Sally 'lowed as he was the best behaved young man at the meetin'."

Mr. Biggs reddened with pleasure at this praise from so high an authority.

"Dan's a rare worker," he said, "an' I'm payin' him half wages now for takin' the hired man's place. He'll make a right smart farmer one o' these days."

"Yes," replied Mr. Larkin, thoughtfully, "he has a likely look. I wish I had a son like him," and he mounted his grey nag and rode slowly away.

The next Sunday there was no opposition to Dan's driving the bay mare to the Larkinsville church, and Mrs. Biggs was really proud of her boy as she watched him drive away, so sprucely dressed in his new clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned, but no one questioned him, and he made no explanation as to what had detained him.

And so the summer passed away, and Sunday became Dan's day off. Sometimes he would not return until the family was in bed, and his father and mother spoke to each other anxiously about his "carryin's on" and feared his bad habits were growing on him. But Dan's newly-developed stubbornness restrained them from remonstrating seriously.

Dan asked permission to attend the county fair in October, and to drive the

brown mare with the top buggy, and his father reluctantly consented. But when the young man, after much hesitation, asked for two dollars to spend, Mr. Biggs firmly refused.

"Fifty cents was all I ever spent at a fair when I was a boy," he said, "an' to chuck away two dollars for sech nonsense would be downright sinful. I'll give you fifty cents, if you want it, but no more."

Dan looked him straight in the eye.

"There's about twenty dollars comin' to me, ain't there?" he asked.

"'Bout that. But I ain't goin' to encourage you in extravagent habits."

"I'll trouble you for two dollars," said Dan, white with anger, "or I'll take what's due me an' you can find another hand. I'm twenty-one, an' I'm my own master."

His father eyed him curiously a moment, but he saw Dan was in earnest, and so with a groan of protest he took the money from his pocket and gave it to him.

"I s'pose you're goin' to take that red-headed gal o' Jinkinses with you, an' squander the money buyin' her peanuts an' candy," he said spitefully; "them red-headed gals has ruined more men than you, Dan. But I see you're headed for destruction, an' you must go your own bent."

Dan did not reply. He put the money in his pocket, climbed into the buggy and drove away without a word.

After that Dan got into the habit of absenting himself more than one evening in the week, and his parents became so worried that Mr. Biggs began praying earnestly for him at family prayers.

But nothing seemed to move Dan; even the prayers were ineffectual to stop him in what Aunt Annabel called his down-'ard course."

One morning in December, Dan, having returned exceptionally late the preceding evening, remarked calmly at the breakfast table,—

"You'd better look up a hired man, pop; I'm goin' to be married New Year's day."

If a bomb had been exploded in their midst the Biggs family could not have been more startled.

His mother lay back in her chair and stared with eyes and mouth wide open; Aunt Annabel screamed and scared little 'Liz'beth into tears, and the farmer uttered a word under his breath that must have been taken bodily from the prayer-book.

Mrs. Biggs recovered herself first.

"Who to, Dan?" she enquired, breathlessly.

"To Sally Larkins."

"Sally Larkins!" they echoed, with one voice.

"Why, she's the richest gal in the county," said Aunt Annabel, in amazement.

"An' the prettiest!" said 'Liz'beth.

Dan caught his little sister in his arms and kissed her rapturously.

"An' she's an only child!" cried his mother, as the importance of the announcement came home to her.

"Dan," said his father, rising from the table and trembling with excitement, "I'll see you in the barn arter you're through your breakfast."

Dan kissed his mother and Aunt Annabel and 'Liz'beth with happiness shining from every feature of his round face, and then he sought his father.

"Dan," said that parent, impressively, "how air you goin' to support a wife, to say nothin' o' supportin' yourself?"

"Mr. Larkins has promised to give us the Downs Farm for a weddin' present. There ain't no better piece o' land in the county."

Mr. Biggs sat silently upon the up-turned pail, evidently engaged in deep thought.

"Dan," he said, at length, "I may have kicked a little at yer extravaygence now an' then, but let bygones be bygones. A business deal is a business deal, an' to tell you the truth, that bit o' money o' yours were mighty well invested!"

WHAT THE KINGFISHER SAW

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE kingfisher sat on the top of a dead tree that overhung the river. It was a warm May afternoon, and

he had ceased from his diving and harsh chattering to rest a while, and, incidentally, to watch for minnows in the

clear water that flowed slowly over the sand.

While he sat there, motionless and silent, the alders overhanging the mouth of a little brook on the opposite side of the river were parted, and a young man, thrusting a slender fishing-rod in front of him, stepped out upon the beach. The water, gliding and murmuring over the wavy-ridged bottom, seemed to say: "How warm it is there in the sun! But I am cool, cool, cool. Come, lie down upon the soft sand, and I will flow over you till your blood is cool as the dew on the leaves."

The young man was fevered with pushing his way through the tangled, stifling swale where the trout brook ran. His face was flushed, and the blood seemed boiling in his veins. Under the river bank no breeze was stirring, and the sun beat down mercilessly upon him, till it seemed as if his head would burst with throbbing.

He threw off his fish-basket, his coat, and hat. The water seemed to laugh joyfully and bade him hasten. A few moments more, and he stood there on the sand like an ivory statue. "Come!" called the river. With a great dash he waded out, shiveringly bathed his wrists and neck, and plunged forward full length, ploughing the water into foam before him.

The kingfisher left his perch on the tree with a harsh, clattering cry, and flew down the river, till he came to a stump that was stranded, roots upward. There he wheeled and lit, facing upstream.

The swimmer struck out for mid-channel, threshing lustily with feet and hands, as if to warm his blood against the chill of the yet scarcely tempered snow-water from the hills. Suddenly he stopped, rolled upon his side and sank.

For half a minute no living creature was anywhere visible save the kingfisher sitting on the stump. The bird did not move, but watched warily; and presently the head of the swimmer came to the surface again. The motionless body had floated down stream some yards from where it sank. It rose breast upward, and the face that was turned to the sky for a moment was as white as the mountain peaks, that still were wearing their

caps of snow, looking down upon the valley.

A faint human cry floated across the water—such a ghost of a cry that the watchful kingfisher counted it for far away, and did not stir. Then the white face disappeared as a snowflake melts in the water. And the kingfisher still sat watching.

A minute passed; the sun drew a cloud over his face. Then the sullen water was broken by another gleam of white—so near the kingfisher, this time, that he rose with a clangor of alarm, and took a wide circuit, outlined by rattling cries, behind the trees. But presently he appeared again on his first perch, the tip of the leaning tree.

Then the kingfisher saw something that kept him fixed and silent for a long time. Just below the stump from which he had lately taken flight, rose the crest of the sandbar on which the stump had stranded. And the current, streaming down upon the bar, bore something white thither, and left it, outstretched, like a stripped and polished log.

So it lay. And the kingfisher sat and wondered. But the sun came out from behind the cloud, and shone upon the strange thing on the bar. The air seemed to grow even warmer than before, and if there had been any breeze, it was gone now, perhaps to hide in the willow thickets along the shore.

The sun beat upon the white thing, and warmed it and after a long time it stirred and sat up and the kingfisher saw that it was a man, but had no memory to connect it with the thing that splashed, and sank, and floated, so long time before.

The man looked at the blue sky, the far-away mountains, the emerald valley, the woods all misted with that tender, baby green of first leafage. Then something shook him, and suddenly he got upon his knees, there in the shallow water on the bar, and raised his hands toward the sky. The kingfisher dropped off the tree, springing his rattle as he went, and shouted to all the birds to be ware of a man who had raised his arms. But he was only a kingfisher, and how should he know that the lifted palms of the man were filled to overflowing with the thank-offering of his soul?



Armenians Fishing in the Marmet River.

THE STORY OF AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE



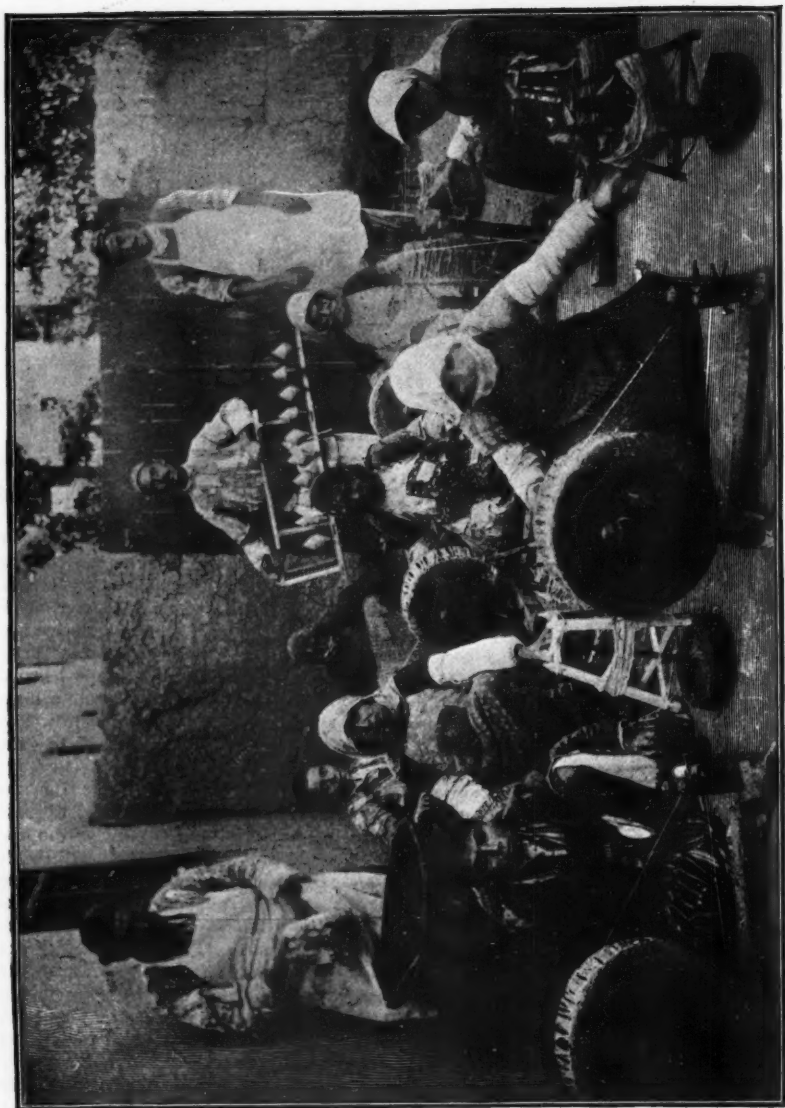
THE Armenians as a nation have no counterpart on earth. Never possessing vast territory nor counting themselves in great numbers yet they are to-day a race as closely united as at any period in their existence and occupy the same country that they have done since the dawn of history. Across Armenia the Egyptian, the Median, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Turkish conquerors have stormfully marched, each in their turn, grasping her by the throat and making their rule a chapter of long-drawn-out horror that can not be effaced or blotted out even with the rivers of blood and tears that have been made to flow from the people. But that portion of the world known as Turkish Armenia is and ever will be regarded as our country and nothing short of a complete extermination of our race will efface that fact.

That Armenia is the site of the Garden of Eden we fully believe and on Mount Ararat, the natural guardian of the country, rising in the east to the height of seventeen thousand two hundred and sixty feet, rested the ark which we think

is still to be found embedded amidst the eternal snows.

The pages of sacred history refer many times to us, but I am sorry to say that no authentic history of our country exists. Moses of Khoren, a celebrated writer in the fifth century, wrote an exhaustive history of Armenia taking for his authority the records of Mar-Abas-Catina, a learned Syriac, who about 150 B.C., wrote a book upon the origin of Armenia which he had found in some work preserved in the archives of Nineva.

According to this record Haig, the son of Torgomah, the son of Gomer, the son of Jophet, the son of Noah, after the dispersion of the people started with his sons and daughters and their families to find a place of abode. They finally selected the country of Senaar in Mesopotamia, where they lived for many years under the rule of Belus, who was the first to introduce idolatry among mankind. Not liking his rule, Haig and his people sought a place to pitch their tents in the vicinity of Ararat and incorporating with his people a number of others he found living there he settled his grandson, Codmus, the son of Armenag, near Mount Ararat and proceeded with the others of his tribe to the north-west, select-



Winding Spools of Cotton.

THE SPINNING OF COTTON. The cotton is first spun into yarn, and then into thread. The thread is then wound onto spools, and the yarn is then spun into thread. The thread is then wound onto spools, and the yarn is then spun into thread. The thread is then wound onto spools, and the yarn is then spun into thread.

ing an extensive plain on which he built a town and called it *Uoygoshen* (founded by *Haig*) and by which name we are known, the term Armenian being of recent date and given to us from the fact that *Armenic* or *Aram*, the son of *Haig*, was our king.

The antiquity of the city of *Van* is proven by the cuneiform inscriptions that are to be found in this section. Its foundation is attributed to *Semiramis*, the Assyrian queen, who becoming enamoured of *Ara*, the king of Armenia, sent her messengers to offer herself and her crown to the king, but he refused the honor. His decision so angered the queen that she invaded his kingdom at the head of her army, but to her great grief *Ara* was killed in battle. As an atonement for her act she bestowed her affections on *Ara's* son and heir and placed him on his father's throne.

The natural beauty of the country so charmed *Semiramis* that she decided to make this section her summer residence. She sent for numerous bands of work-

men from Assyria and built the city, but soon after she fell in battle fighting against her own son and by the side of her ally the son of the beloved *Ara*. To this day the name of *Semiramis* survives in local designation of the city. The name *Van* was given to the city from the fact that *King Vanig* rebuilt it after its destruction.

The romance so far furnishes the key to the explorers of the inscription around *Lake Van* and enables them to understand why those inscriptions are entirely different from the Persian or Babylonian character and are mostly in the Assyrian style of cuneiform.

The city is oblong in shape and extends from east to west about five miles and from north to south about three miles and is one of the most populous and thrifty in Turkey. The land is flat and thickly wooded, each house having a large garden under cultivation in which we raise more fruit than is consumed, and as there is no market for the surplus much of it is wasted.



Large quantities of Bread are baked at a time.

the city is reached the water is conducted through the streets in ditches extending down the sides of the streets, and from which the people fill their vessels. During the dry season the gardens are watered by damming the flow in the ditch and directing the stream through a course leading from the ditch to the garden. After the vineyard is watered the



A Street Scene in the city of Van, Armenia.

The water system of our city is quite amusing and interesting to Europeans. Like many other customs in Armenia it is the same to-day as it existed thousands of years ago. The supply of water is obtained from natural springs, two of which, the Sofie and the Huinor, are seen in the illustration. The water is carried from the mountains by a series of wells dug at a distance of seventy-five to ninety feet apart and connected by deep trenches. These wells are generally sixty feet deep and are kept covered. When

obstruction in the "main" is removed and the "branch" is stopped in order that the neighbors below may be supplied. As the water is running constantly it requires care to keep the course unobstructed. Many large hills have to be pierced in order to convey the water to the city but all this work is done by hand, the digger going through the hole on all fours and scooping out the earth until an opening is reached in the other side.

After the water flows through the streets it empties into Lake Van on the



Armenian Women Combing, Spinning, and Knitting Wool.

side of which the city is builded. This lake is a remarkable natural phenomenon for its water is very salt, owing apparently to the volcanic nature of much of the ground by which it is surrounded, and though it receives the contributions of numerous small streams it has no visible outlet. Its extreme length is ninety

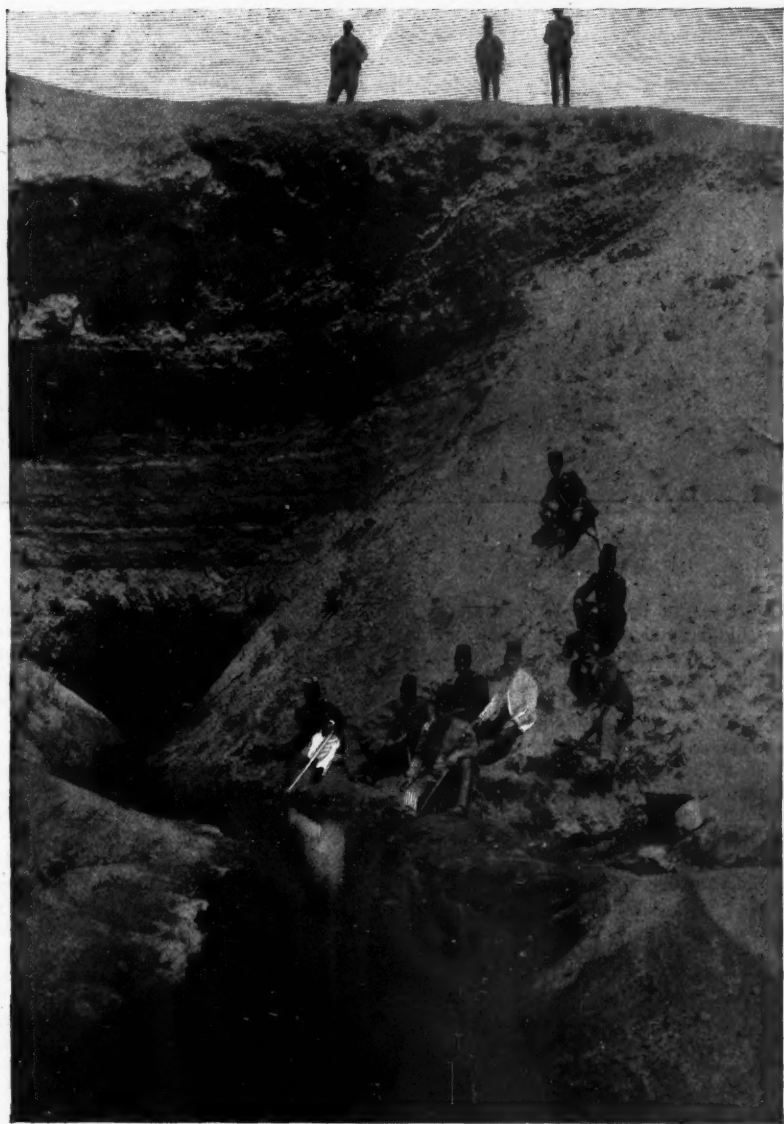


Cadamatch Bridge, the Armenian picnic ground.

miles; its breadth, where it is the widest, about thirty and it is more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and only about five hundred feet below the uppermost source of the Tigris River. The famous castle-rock of Van, one of the wonders of the world, is on the southern border of the lake.

The fishing season opens in the spring

when the fish in the lake swarm along the fresh water tributaries as far as they can go. The natives catch large quantities of them by building a weir across the rivers which they leave unobstructed during the night allowing the fish to swim up the streams, but early in the morning the weir is closed with brush except small openings into which are attached cone



"The supply of water is obtained from natural springs two of which, the Sofie and the Huinor, are seen in the illustration."



Soorp Hoch Hills.

The city of Van,
Lake Van.

Turkey

shaped rattan baskets. When the sun gets higher and warms the streams the fish swim towards the lake and are caught in the baskets. The privilege of fishing these rivers is sold by the government to the highest bidder. The scene represented in the photograph is on the Marmet River about six miles from Van, the price paid for fishing this stream being about \$1,500. The fish are about the size of a herring and weigh about six ounces. Millions of them are caught, and as they are cheap they form a staple article of food for all classes, being salted or dried for winter consumption.

There are no steam vessels plying Lake Van, as that class of transportation is forbidden by the government. The freight and passenger carrying trade is done wholly by small sailing vessels of from twenty to fifty feet in length and of very rough construction. The sides are high and in the bow is placed a mast with a long yard for a lanteen sail, while the stern is occupied by a small poop in which two persons can sit. These boats are built at a little town called Avanz, about two miles from Van. There are about three hundred of these boats sailing the

lake, the majority of them being owned by Armenians; however, a few are possessed by Kurds who confine their freight to lumber and firewood. The passenger traffic is very light, as the residents seldom if ever leave their homes. The vessel in the photograph is about to return from a trip to the island of Aghthamar where it has taken visitors to the residence of the Catholicos, the archbishop of the Armenian Church.

Generally speaking Van is unhealthy, which is accounted for by the marshiness of the ground that surrounds it, though this is dry during the summer, but more particularly to the accumulation of filth in the place and also to the large amount of irrigated ground shaded with trees in the neighborhood. Some idea of the condition of the suburbs may be obtained from the photograph of Cadamatch or Hankows Bridge, the territory in its immediate vicinity being used by the Armenians for a picnic ground. Hidden by the trees on the right was an Armenian church and school which during the massacres of last year were burned. After the buildings were destroyed Saaddin Pasha had the walls that remained stand-



Turkey Armenia.

Castle Rock

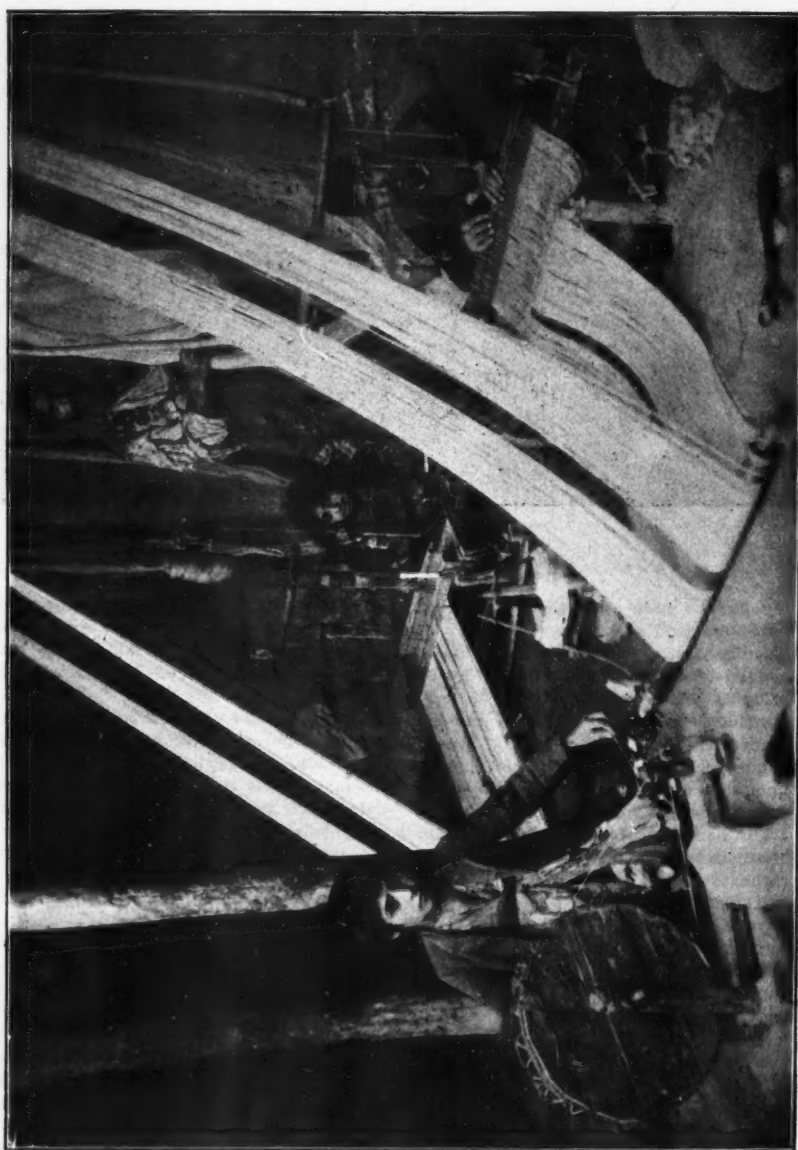
ing pierced with small holes resembling port-holes and then reported that the place had been used by the Armenians for a garrison. The stream crossed by the bridge is quite pretentious in the spring at which season the owners of the large vineyards in the district fill artificial ponds or reservoirs which are depended upon for their water supply during the summer when the runlet is dry.

The houses are for the most part built of sun-dried bricks which give the streets rather a poor aspect. A notable feature of the buildings is the absence of chimneys, for despite the fact that the winters are very severe no stoves are used and the only fuel aside from the small supply of wood is tezek.

At the beginning of spring the whole city is making tezek; you hear, smell and see nothing else. He that has tezek is the envy of all. The cows and bulls and oxen are kept indoors all winter and in the spring they are allowed the open air. Then begins the work of cleaning out the barns. The manure is trodden down so hard that it is taken out in large pieces and then carried to the house tops where it is mixed with chopped straw and water

and trod by the bare feet of the proud owners. The mixing process is continued until the stuff reaches a stiff, clayey state about six inches thick. It is then left for a day or two to dry after which it is cut in square blocks and carried in open baskets to a convenient place in the house and stored away. When old tezek resembles peat turf but is very dry and dusty. It burns clear and bright without flames and is very hot, but when fresh it produces a thick, stifling odoriferous smoke. The stoves in which this fuel is used are small portable affairs which may be carried from room to room.

One of our pictures illustrated the bread baking process. These "loaves" or Tonir are described by a European as "a flat, tough cake exactly like old dirty saddle flaps, made of millet seed, sand, straw and filth. It won't eat but churns in your mouth and is not digestible." But this description of course is much exaggerated as our women are very particular in preparing this important article of food. Large quantities of bread are baked at a time, in fact so extensive is the operation that the women of the neighborhood are invited to assist in the work. The dough



Armenians Weaving Cotton Cloth.



"There are about three hundred of these boats sailing the lake."

is rolled out into large thin sheets, after which it is passed to another operator who pulls it to a greater size. When the required dimensions are reached it is placed in the oven. This oven is nothing more than a hole about four feet deep and six feet in diameter, dug in the centre of the room. When it is to be used for baking a fire is made at the bottom which soon heats the interior of the hole. When hot a sheet of dough is plastered around the "oven" and left there until baked, when it is replaced by another. Very often the half-cooked dough becomes unfastened from the wall and falls into the fire but is pulled out with a poker, which instrument is also used to stir the fire.

When baked the bread is hung on lines to dry and then stored away. A piece of the dough from each baking is moulded into a ball and preserved until the next baking day for leavening purposes. The three photographs depicting the weaving of cotton cloth and of spinning are faithful pictures of the manufacturing industry of the country. The implements and methods are the same to-day as when Christ was on earth. Cotton weaving was largely engaged in a few years ago but the supply of cotton cloths is now furnished by Europe and America, and the few Armenians that are engaged in the industry can barely pay their expenses.

THE TRILOGY OF LOVE

I knew not what it was to love;
I felt not passion's flame;
And knew not if the skies above
Were dark, or deepest blue did prove,
Before Love came.

But suddenly I felt the glare
Of one bright, glorious morn;
The earth was radiant and fair,

I wondered at its beauties rare,
When Love was born.

Then one sad day the world grew grey,
The brightness all had fled;
The storm-clouds hid the sun's warm ray,
My heart 'mid smouldering ashes lay,
For Love was dead.

Mary Frances Curtiss.

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY SALLY NELSON ROBINS.



IRGINIAN history began in 1607 at Jamestown, yet more than two hundred years had elapsed before the people of Virginia awoke to the fact that this history must be preserved, not only by the making of books, but also by gathering up the fragments which war and consequent confusion had scattered, and preserving them in such shape, that succeeding generations might behold the tangible links which bind the present to the past.

It was not until 1831 that Virginia made any effort to form a historical society. The early existence of this society was insignificant; it merely breathed for years, and had almost expired in 1843, when the Historical Department of the Society of the Alumni of the University of Virginia made an effort to promote its revival. Strange to say, the idea of forming an historical organization in Virginia materialized through the efforts of an Eastern man, either from Massachusetts or Vermont, by name Jonathan Cushing, who had come South for his health; and while he tarried in Richmond, he impressed upon the people the wealth of the records and archives which their state possessed. During his short stay he was made president of the young society with such men as Chief Justice Marshall and Henry St. George Tucker as his co-workers. Efforts were made as early as this, to induce the Virginia Legislature to make an appropriation for the purpose of sending an agent to London, to copy the Colonial archives in the British Public Record Office, but the health of Jonathan Cushing compelled him to go further south, and the society which he had fathered, after a feeble existence, in 1839 almost ceased to breathe.

Throughout Virginia the old mansions were miniature historical societies or repositories for manuscripts, pictures, old diaries and colonial land grants. The

proprietor saw no reason why he should bestow his treasure upon a public institution; what was his, he felt, would be his son's, who would prize it as he had done, and hand his heritage on down the line. To-day this sentiment is dying. Too much history which lay in private hands has perished and people generally recognize the fact, that it is wisest to put valuable papers as well as other historic treasures in public custody. This has finally been done and the Virginia Historical Society has thus become the place of safe deposit for much that is rare and valuable.

When this society was revived in 1847, it had a fair prospect for success. True, its quarters were contracted, consisting only of a shabby room on the south-east corner of the Capitol square, in the old law building. Mr. Maxwell, the secretary and librarian here carried on a good work, and his earnest co-laborers were Charles Campbell, Conway Robinson, B. B. Minor, Wyndam Robertson, William H. Macfarland and others. The annual meetings at this time were held at the state capitol, and the monthly meetings at the house of a member of the executive committee. The third annual meeting took place (after its revival) in 1850. At that meeting there was an able paper read by Hugh Blair Grigsby, in which he proposed that the society should proceed to buy a suitable house for its books and treasures; and that to secure this measure, one hundred gentlemen should subscribe one hundred dollars each.

In 1851 there were, besides active members, thirty-six life members, who had subscribed fifty dollars apiece, and a permanent fund of sixteen hundred dollars, every cent of which was lost during the war. In 1853, through the efforts of Mr. Conway Robinson, the city of Richmond was induced to give the society the free use of a room in the "Athenæum," where the books, pictures, and manuscripts were kept until the building was sold. Then these possessions were put in a



Lower Reading Room of the Virginia Historical Society.

room of the state capitol. In 1858 the Virginia Mechanics Institute was built and a large room upon the third floor was set apart for the common use of the Richmond Library Company and the Virginia Historical Society.

When Richmond was the Confederate capital, the Confederate States War Department took possession of the Mechanics Institute, and again the dignified tramp had to move on. The books were once more packed, and the pictures were taken by a citizen of Richmond and kept for twenty years in his own house. But in 1881, however, fortune smiled and the Westmoreland Club, the oldest and most aristocratic club in the city of Richmond, threw open its doors to the Virginia Historical Society.

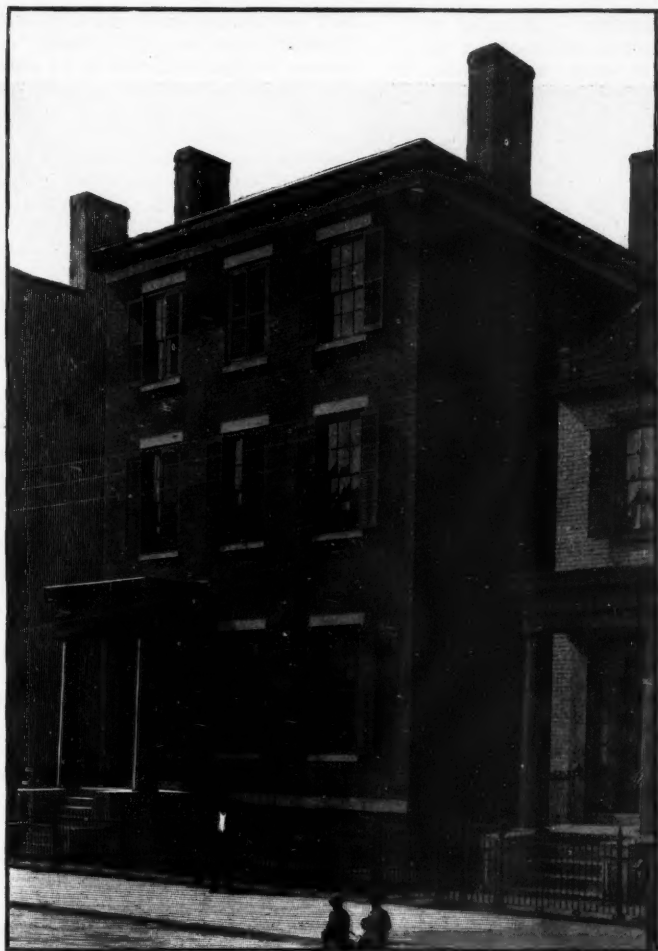
When the books were packed in 1861, the Hon. C. G. Memminger, secretary of the Confederate House Treasury, gave them a temporary home in the Custom House. Notwithstanding the precaution of using a covering of cloth and wood, many volumes were stolen and many injured, so in 1865 it was thought best to move them to the house which had kindly protected the pictures, and with the greatest difficulty vehicles were procured to transfer them. Only two years did they stay here, then they were loaned to the library of the Young Men's Christian Association; thence sheltered by the Court of Appeals; afterwards by the Westmoreland Club, and at last, three years ago, they found a permanent resting place at 707 East Franklin Street, in a large, comfortable brick house, presented to the Virginia Historical Society, by Mrs. John Stewart and her daughters of Brook Hill.

This house has a history too. Norman Stewart, an earnest, sturdy Scotchman, came to Virginia prior to 1812; and settled in Petersburg. During this war he was banished to Columbia, the suspicion existing that he might be a dangerous citizen. Afterwards he came to Richmond and built a square of fine houses on the outskirts of the city. In "707" he lived the easy life of a prosperous and dignified old bachelor, enjoying the highest esteem of his adopted countrymen. He made a large fortune and besides many philanthropic deeds to the city of Richmond, he founded and endowed the "Norman Stewart Institute," at his native place "Rothsey," Scotland. Stew-

art was a picturesque and well-known figure upon the streets of Richmond, wearing up to the time of his death in 1858, long, black silk stockings, bright garter buckles and a brown wig, and in winter he wore a large shawl or flowing cape. When he died he bequeathed this residence to his nephew, John Stewart of Brook Hill, who offered it to Robert E. Lee for his military home in 1861. General Lee and some young officers occupied it before Mrs. Lee and her daughters came to Richmond. He called it "The Mess;" afterwards it was the home of the Lee family until '65 and its nickname always clung to it. In memory of General Lee the house was given to the Virginia Historical Society. It was indeed a beautiful and magnificent gift, making an attractive home for one of the most interesting and ancient collections that our country possesses. It is an imposing, three story, brick house, with handsome interior finishings of walnut, large rooms and halls and a fine view of the city from the broad back verandas.

The growth of the society in the last few years has been phenomenal. Virginia history stands on a higher basis to-day than it did three years ago, the credit being due to this society whose membership is ever on the increase, including leading people of the North, East, South and West. Its quarterly, or "The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography," which is given free to members, contains original matter of surpassing interest, gleaned from the Colonial Records in its possession. By students and historians this magazine is considered second only to the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.

In the reading rooms we often find scholars from a distance, diligently searching yellow manuscripts for data which Virginia alone can furnish. The manuscript material here is not yet known for the arranging and indexing of it is a tedious task, but the matter already classified is of immense value. Most of our colonial records have been destroyed by war and fire, but Mr. Conway Robinson, with wonderful foresight, made extracts from these records, almost from the beginning and together with a genealogical register from 1670 to 1700 bequeathed his useful work to the Virginia Historical Society.



The Lee Mansion, now occupied by the Virginia Historical Society.

The priceless manuscripts which were in private hands are fast finding a way to this place, sometimes as a gift, often as a loan, and now when the society has possessed its own home only three years, the question arises, "Will not the time come soon when more room will be needed?"

The manuscripts at present are valued at twenty thousand dollars; among them may be mentioned the Land Book of William Byrd, which contains many interesting plots covering the present site

of Richmond; and also his "Letter Book," giving important glimpses of our early history; a collection of letters and papers of Arthur and William Lee; the "Ludwell papers," being a batch of important letters from distinguished people; the receipt book of William Beverley (1729) showing his payment of quit rents, presented to the society by John C. Honeyman of New Jersey; the minutes and records of the society of the "Cincinnati;" the minutes of the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society; a splendid collection of autographic



View of the Hall.

letters of George Washington; the "Fitzhugh" letters written in the seventeenth century by William Fitzhugh, a prosperous Northern Neck planter, which correspondence sheds abundant light upon the trade relations between the colonies and the mother country; and finally the Westmoreland resolutions (1766) which but for the double glass which guards them would scarcely hold together.

During the last year the additions of rare manuscripts have been large. Mrs. Robert Hunter of Winchester, née Eliza Washington, has loaned the original patent to the Mount Vernon estate to John Washington, bearing the seal of Lord Culpeper, the plat of Mount Vernon when Washington owned it, and a large colored map of Harmer's expedition to the Indians.

General G. W. Custis Lee has loaned the original manuscript of Light Horse Harry Lee's memoranda of the Revolutionary War in the Southern department, and the account book of General Washington as guardian of Daniel Parke and Martha Parke Custis; with other interesting papers.

The manuscript minutes of the House of Delegates of 1776 were taken from Virginia during the war, and fortunately fell into the hands of C. W. Hunt of Staten Island, who, when he visited Richmond last spring, presented the manuscript to this society.

The Colonial Dames of America in the state of Virginia are copying the very old parish registers in the state and the Virginia Historical Society assumes a supervision of the valuable records until they are finished.

The Honorable Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts and Hugh Blair Grigsby, Esq., of Virginia, were warm personal friends; and it was their habit to write to each other on the fourth day of each July. Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., has had this correspondence most beautifully arranged, mounted and bound, and has presented it to the society. Mr. Carrington Grigsby, the son of Hugh Blair Grigsby, proposes to present his father's diary; from which one may obtain a striking record of the events of his day. By no means the least in value of the manuscripts here is the original draft of "Campbell's Virginia" which in the rough lies in an antique tin box.

The collection of pictures here is one of the most unique in the country. In the entrance hall there is Stuart's Jefferson; a charming pastel of Ben Franklin; a Lafayette by Charles Wilson Peale, Washington in early manhood and others.

The reading-rooms down-stairs contain colonial governors, the most interesting of which are Culpeper with his proud, patrician face copied from a portrait at Leeds Castle, and Percy with his red coat and lace frills, taken from his picture at Tyrn house; also our dashing "Spotswood" with Blenheim in the distance.

There are also speakers of the House of Burgesses, Virginia's presidents, the wives and mothers of famous men, distinguished members of the Washington and Lee families, and the picture of John Dandridge, the father of Martha Washington. This picture, although mutilated, is of special value as it is the only one in existence.

In the large rear reading-room there is a fascinating group of etchings of the oldest Virginia churches; and valuable maps from that of John Smith 1607, followed by the Nova Virginii, and Tabula, 1671; and "Joshua and Fry," 1775.

The curios here fill a visitor with delight and the antiquarian with envy. We see the table upon which George Mason wrote the bill of rights, John Randolph's cozy chair, old claw feet chairs which belonged to Lord Governor Gooch in 1729, John Randolph's spurs, a china dish belonging to the famous Martha Washington set, a mug used by General Washington himself, and a blue china plate brought from France with La Grange of La Fayette's upon it.

The Virginia Historical Society being the nucleus of the interest of the prominent women's organizations of the city of Richmond, there is in consequence an increase in the female membership.

The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquity which has rescued Jamestown, bought the house of Mary Washington, and snatched much that is valuable from utter destruction; the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are the guardians of Virginia history; and the Colonial Dames who are copying ancient archives and printing them also, have their meetings in the large rooms of the second story, one of



Historical Relics Owned by the Society.

Ancient 17th Century Pistol.
Antique Cornucopia presented by Washington to Col. Heth.
Blue China plate with La Grange upon it.

Stone Arrow from Indian Grave in Gloucester,
Mug used by Washington.
Stone Rolling-pin from Middlesex Co.
China dish presented to Jefferson by the King of France.
A Piece of the Famous Martha Washington Set.
John Randolph's Spurs.

which was Mrs. Robert E. Lee's bedroom during the four years of the Confederacy. These rooms are made beautiful by a collection of colonial portraits and many interesting objects. The hall room on the second floor which was General Lee's office is filled with curios, pictures and books, the latter, of course, fill the lower hall space in all of the rooms as well as the halls.

The ladies also place upon the tables the leading periodicals of this country

and of England, so if one has not a relish for musty records, he may regale himself with abundant current literature.

A unique and interesting work of the society is a collection of photographs of old portraits. It requests the permission of all owners of portraits to have them reproduced. These photographs are put in handsome albums, on automatic stands and are the daily delight of visitors. Beautiful copies of the portraits of the Jacquelines, Randolphs, Mayos, Lees.

Carys, Griffins, Madisons, Harrisons, Blairs, Cabells, Tylers, Newtons, Bollings Tuckers and many others have been made, and besides these, the albums hold a valuable assortment of coats-of-arms, crests and book plates.

Mr. Philip Alexander Bruce, who has just completed and published "The economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century" which has established his reputation as a finished scholar and careful historian, is the secretary and librarian. Mr. Joseph Bryan, the president, by his business ability and great love for the institution, has done much to forward its interest. Mr. R. T. Brooke is treasurer. On the executive board are William G. Stanard, the well-known an-

tiquarian and authority upon Virginia history, Lyon G. Tyler, president of "William and Mary College," author of "The Letters and Times of the Tylers" and editor of the "William and Mary Quarterly;" E. V. Valentine, the distinguished sculptor; the prominent lawyers, C. V. Meredith, B. B. Munford and D. C. Richardson; and such well-known business men as R. L. Traylor, Col. W. H. Palmer and Virginius Newton; Dr. B. W. Green; Professor Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia, E. C. Venable, of Petersburg, and R. H. Gaines of Richmond. In these hands the society may look for better things than it has yet realized.



DAYS OF THE LONG AGO

Did you ever list to a story,
To a story of long ago;
And see in that story pictured
Things that you seemed to know?
Sometimes a strain of music,
Or the flash of a human eye,
Has carried me back o'er the ages,
To days that have long gone by.
Sometimes a single word spoken
In a far-away magical tone,
Sounds to my ears familiarly sweet,
Like a voice I've always known.
Sometimes the strong link of friendship,
Seems to me nothing new;
But a coupling forged in the fires of the
past,
A fact eternally true.

Wm. Fred. Sabin.



Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

SOME PERSONAL ASPECTS OF THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

BY GEORGE E. KENTON.



THE reader in following any sketch of this nature, desultory and rambling as it may be, must be prepared at the outset to contradict a certain well-known line of Shakespeare's, occurring in his *Hamlet*, which runs: "There's such divinity doth hedge a king." If by divinity the poet of Avon meant the living of a life incomprehensible or unknown to the multitude, then beyond question the phrase becomes obsolete, for with royalty to-day the crown has ceased to overshadow the sov-

ereign, and the affairs of the palace have become the affairs of the populace. If we were to look about for the cause of this revelation of what occurs in high places, of this rendering public what in past ages has always been private, the search, we are inclined to believe, would gradually narrow itself down until the charge finally could be laid at the door of certain recent progressions in the journalistic world, personified in such individualities as the modern interviewer and the foreign correspondent.

The life very naturally which commands our attention first in any consideration of reigning sovereigns is that of

Queen Victoria's. In the span of years since her birth, in 1819, and in her long reign of threescore years there have, of course, occurred more events of a public nature and more incidents indicative of her personality, than one can ever hope to have grouped together in a single volume, much less in a single article. A snatch of grain, here and there, from the full harvest of so prolific a life is the best that under such restrictions can be done.

her own age. Her first tutor relates how the princess had always a most strict regard for the truth. "I remember when I had been teaching her one day she was very impatient for the lesson to be over—once or twice rather refractory. Her mother came in and asked how she had behaved. Her tutor said, 'Oh, once she was rather troublesome.' The princess touched her and said, 'No, Lehen, twice, don't you remember?'" French, Italian,



Wilhelmina, the little Queen of Holland.

The queen was born, as is now a matter of common knowledge, in Kensington Palace, London, May 24th, 1819, her father being the Duke of Kent, fourth son of the then reigning king, George Third. The queen herself has told us that her childhood was lonely and sad. Simplicity and regularity were the marked features of her early life, and its one great want was that of a companion of

Latin, Greek, mathematics, music and drawing were the chief studies pursued. All knowledge of her probable future dignity was carefully kept from her.

It was in 1836, when the queen was seventeen, that her cousin, the future Prince Albert, her husband, was brought from Belgium to England, that, in pursuance of family plans, the young couple might become acquainted, and it was hoped so

the seeds of love. A pleasant month was passed during which the cousins saw much of each other, singing, drawing and riding together. They evidently came to some understanding, for among the rings the queen wears to this day is one, a small enamel with a tiny diamond in the centre, given her by Prince Albert when he first came to England as a lad of seventeen.

In 1837 the queen came of age, and a month later William IV. died, an event which made the little princess sovereign of England. The state functions which followed were ordeals as great as could happen in any young life, and yet even Mr. Greville, present on all these occasions, and who has left behind him an acid diary, in which he abuses most things, has only words of praise to bestow upon the manner in which the young girl bore herself through all these trying ceremonies. The queen entered fully into all business affairs brought before her, and the then prime minister, Lord Melbourne, once said that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen. He could not place a single document in her Majesty's hand for a signature but she first asked an infinite variety of questions respecting it. Once when Melbourne urged the expediency of an act he was stopped short by the queen with: "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but expediency is a word which I neither wish to hear nor to understand." The truth was, the queen knew well that public business had been neglected by her

predecessors, and was resolved this should not be the case in her reign.

In 1839, Prince Albert was again sent to England, this time with the hopes that a union would result. In the weeks that followed the queen showed Prince Albert many marked attentions. At last one evening at a court ball she presented him with her bouquet. The next day she sent for him and formally proposed to him—a most nervous and delicate thing to do, but etiquette demanded that she should take the initiative. In February, 1840, the royal couple were married with great pomp at St. James's Palace. Their domestic life which followed was in every sense the happiest.

In December of 1861 Prince Albert died, an event from which the queen has really never recovered. Princess Alice in her letters tells of the terrible sufferings of the first three years of the queen's widowhood. Slowly, however, she roused herself to perform once more her high duties, but from this time forward she shirked as much as possible all state ceremonies



Queen of the Belgians.

and the mere splendors of royalty, and has lived almost entirely in seclusion.

Only twice, we believe, has she appeared in full state. In 1871 the Prince of Wales was stricken with a serious illness. His life was despaired of, when suddenly, on the anniversary of his father's death, he took a turn for the better. A national Thanksgiving Day was held the following year, at which Victoria was present with all the appurtenances of her rank, though never dropping her

mourning dress. Her second appearance was on her jubilee, marking the conclusion of her fifty years' rule over the English people. This fell in June, 1887.

The coming Diamond Jubilee which begins on the twenty-first of June next, will be, if nothing unforeseen occurs, the third appearance of the queen. The program of the fetes is already to a large extent settled. The royal visitors from abroad are to reach London either on June 19, or June 20. The queen will arrive at Windsor Castle from Balmoral on the morning of Saturday and will come to London on

will be held in the ballroom of Buckingham palace.

It is not surprising to learn that the coming celebration is evoking a great deal of interest and enthusiasm among all classes, and many plans, more or less original, are being devised to perpetuate its memory. One of the most appropriate as well as beneficial in its nature, is that which the Prince of Wales suggested, viz., the raising of a great memorial fund for the support of the London hospitals. This project instantly met wide approval, and already very handsome contributions



The Queen of Portugal.

Monday morning, reaching Buckingham palace in time for luncheon. In the afternoon she will receive visits from relations and foreign royalties, who will be entertained at dinner in the evening, together with the ministers and a few members of the diplomatic corps. There will be a great many public pageantries, royal parties, state balls, garden parties and entertainments at the Foreign Office, at Chelsea house, Devonshire house and at the Russian, Austro-Hungarian and Italian embassies. After the royal dinner party on Tuesday a diplomatic and official court

and pledges have been received. The *Daily Telegraph* started a "shilling branch," to which a great many artisans, children and pensioners are contributing their modest shillings, while those whose means and inclinations prompt them to larger gifts are by no means excluded.

What strikes an American as somewhat peculiar is the avidity with which every class of Londoner seeks to turn the forthcoming "jubilee" festivities into a money-making event. Columns of protests are every day raised by the more humble little tradesmen who are being given notice

by avaricious landlords along the line of route on the south side of the Thames over which the queen and the royal procession will pass; but one can't blame them. It seemed their one great opportunity to eke out a scanty income this year. To let their shabby little front rooms at a fabulous price to people wishing to view the queen's jubilee procession

their houses or rooms either privately or to speculators.

Yearly tenants are more fortunate and already some of these in the same district have rented a single room for a sum nearly equal to \$1000 for the day. A window alone is easily selling for £50, and entire houses are offered for the absurd sum of £500. That is, in South London.



Marguerite of Savoy, Queen of Italy.

on June 22 would, of course, have been an easy matter. In fact, as much as £50 has already been offered to some of these poor people for a small front room for that day. Many of them are already taken, but most of the smaller tenants, especially those who pay their rent weekly, are being told to quit, as their landlords propose to be the profit-makers themselves on "Jubilee day," and will let

If such prices prevail on the other side of the Thames, you can imagine the vast amounts that are now asked in the West end of London, especially in Piccadilly, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Fleet Street and the Strand. Agents are rather chary about letting thus early in the season, however, as they claim that the experience they had during the last "Jubilee" in 1887, proved it would be wiser to wait

until the last fortnight prior to the royal festivities, before disposing of their choicest sites to spectators wishing to view the queen's procession. A certain well-known firm of house agents in the West End frankly says that it intends waiting for the influx of American visitors before letting all the windows and rooms it now has entered on its books for Jubilee day for viewing the royal proces-

sion drive from Buckingham Palace, down Constitution Hill, up Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, through Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, the Strand, Fleet Street, to St. Paul's Cathedral and back to Buckingham Palace by way of London Bridge, the Borough and Westminster Bridge. Is a long and fatiguing trip, requiring at least two hours of sharp driving. What it will be to an old lady who, by reason of



Queen Olga of Greece.

sion over the six-mile route. And it is needless to say Americans this season will flock abroad even in greater numbers than ever before.

Great solicitation is now being expressed as to whether the queen's age and general health will permit her to participate with impunity in all that this Jubilee is going to demand, especially the royal procession which is planned for June 22. Even under ordinary circumstances the

her age and warmth of heart, is an easy prey to emotions, and who from the time when she leaves Buckingham Palace until the moment when she re-enters its portals will be compelled to keep up a series of uninterrupted bows in response to the wild and enthusiastic cheers of her loyal subjects lining the entire route, it is difficult to say. Indeed, there are many who fear that it may be followed by fatal results, while there are some prophets of ill-

omen who do not hesitate to predict that the excitement will be too much for her and that she will succumb during the trip.



In Holland the sceptre of sovereignty rests in the hands of a bright-faced, blonde little girl of seventeen summers who has been queen in her own name

own, and of these English is her favorite, a language which she both reads and speaks with pronounced accuracy. The routine of her day is an interesting one. She rises at seven the year round, breakfasts at eight and at nine promptly commences her lessons. At half past eleven she goes to drive in an open carriage, regardless of the weather. A luncheon with her mother at half past twelve is fol-



Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. "Carmen Sylva."

since she was ten years of age. Little Queen Wilhelmina has grown up closely guarded by her mother and her governess less she should become susceptible to partisan influences and court intrigues. For this reason her life so far has been more secluded than is the custom with young girls, even in the Netherlands. She has gained thereby, however, in being the recipient of an excellent education. She knows four or five languages besides her

lowed by another short drive, this time with the queen regent or by one of her governesses. On her return lessons occupy her attention once more until four o'clock, after which time she is free to amuse herself at will until half past six, when dinner is served. At ten o'clock each night the little queen is in bed as regularly as she is out of it the next morning at seven.

Stories relating to the young ruler of

the Netherlands, in spite of her short life, thus far are as numerous as of most other sovereigns. The following two will perhaps suffice.

She had been queen scarcely six months when one morning, at the most unreasonable hour of five, she left her room and knocked with importance at the door of the queen regent's chamber.

"Who is there?" asked her mother.

"The Queen of the Netherlands," was the grandiloquent reply.

the Dutch people how badly I am treated."

Wilhelmina has still a year to wait before she reaches her legal majority. Then the ceremony of coronation will take place which will make her officially the chief personage of her kingdom. In the mean time she may be socially considered as out and continues to charm every one with the grace and youthful dignity of her manner. It is thought that the young sovereign will soon bestow her heart and



Queen Louise of Denmark.

"Oh!" said the queen regent, "I'm afraid I cannot receive the queen with proper dignity so early in the morning."

"But it's only your little girl, mamma," was the now somewhat humble rejoinder.

"Then she may come in."

Once when she had been refractory to a considerable degree and had been scolded and reprimanded severely by her mother and her teachers, she ran away with grand hauteur saying: "I shall go right out on the balcony and proclaim to

hand upon Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, although not a few princes of German origin would fain offer themselves as suitors.



On the Belgian throne sits a woman who in the point of years has the advantage of her little royal Dutch neighbor to the extent of the difference between seventeen and sixty-one. In Marie Henriette the people of Belgium possess a

queen of rare intelligence and broad sympathy. Her appearance at first sight prompts the impression of *hauteur*, but closer observation reveals that this apparent coldness covers a warm heart and also one that has suffered keenly, for the mother has never recovered from the grief of losing her only son. Her chief occupations are works of charity. She loves to comfort those in distress, and is both a

horses are also a great delight to her. She frequently goes into the stables and inspects her favorite steeds, even grooming them herself at times. At all hours of the day she may be met either on horseback, followed by a groom, or driving her two ponies in a smart little phaeton. But this love of horses does not hinder her from being an artist. She is an excellent musician, playing well upon



The Czarina of Russia.

clever nurse and a good doctor, having not only studied medicine, but has frequently applied her knowledge in several emergencies.

As a wife, Queen Marie Henriette is not happy. She knows full well, what all the world knows also, that her husband seeks his pleasures away from her. She endeavors to find consolation and distractions in the arts. Horsemanship and

both piano and harp. She often composes, and has written an opera, "*Wanda, ou la puissance de l'Amour*," which was once represented at the Court. So great is her love for music that during the season of opera, she may be seen in the royal box almost every evening. She also paints, and is well versed in artistic matters. A great reader, too, but her literature is of the lightest kind, consisting mostly of the

new French, English and German novels, which appear. She prefers a life of great simplicity, detesting all luxury. Her dress is of a plainness many a burgher

main due, as before mentioned, to the irreparable loss which befell them in the death of the young Duke of Brabant, an event which has never been overcome.



The Empress of Austria.

lady could imitate with advantage. Under these circumstances it is easy to imagine that the Belgian Court is not a gay or a brilliant one. The sovereigns live like quiet, private citizens, in the

In 1886, Don Carlos, the crown prince of Portugal, married the Princess Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. The story of this *mariage de convenance*, which has, however, turned out one of

love, is told thus. The heir to Portugal, much spoilt by his adoring parents, and with no small belief in himself and his own importance, declared that nothing would induce him to marry any one but a fairy-tale princess—that is, she must be pretty, rich and good. Various Austrian

the story, straight into the trap, and inquired reproachfully why *this* young lady had not been mentioned. A flying visit to Paris followed, and the Franco-Portuguese marriage was the result.

Three years later, in 1889, the late king, Dom Luis, died, and Don Carlos, with his



Augusta Victoria, the German Empress.

archduchesses were presented for inspection but none of them passed muster. An astute French woman, a friend of the young heir, saw a chance of letting the affair arrange itself. Sending for a photograph of the Princess Amélie d'Orleans, she placed it in her drawing-room; the next time the duke called he fell, so goes

young bride, ascended the throne. The new queen is good-looking, tall and finely featured. Her color is high and her hair fair and abundant. She has the reputation of being the "most dressy" lady in Europe, appearing often in the most astonishing costumes. Always good-tempered and gay, and passionately fond of



Sophia Wilhelmina, Queen of Norway and Sweden.

amusement and society, it may well be believed that the Portuguese court presents a livelier aspect than its Belgian compeer.



On the Italian peninsula the woman who holds prestige over any other in the kingdom is Marguerite of Savoy, "the Bonnie Queen of Europe." Of all the European queens she is most queenly. None other looks nor plays her royal rôle to such per-

fection. She was born in 1851 and married Prince Humbert at the age of seventeen.

The severity of Marguerite's education in youth did not repel her from study. Her love for books and music and for general culture has never waned, and even to this day she continues her studies. She is particularly fond of historical study, and her range of general reading is very wide. It embraces Shakespeare and Petrarch, Dante and Browning on the one hand, and Charles Darwin, the lead-

ing theologians, and the great modern archaeologists on the other. She reads her favorite poets in the original, not in translations, and is familiar with English, French and German, Spanish, Latin and Greek, conversing as fluently in the first four of these languages as in her own. An enthusiastic and discriminating patron of art, she has done much to encourage lace manufacture and the production of silk embroidery in Italy! she is actively interested in founding industrial schools for girls; she contributes liberally to hospitals, and orphan and blind asylums.

It is said the queen has a peculiar hobby for amassing boots, shoes and gloves worn by historical persons. Among other treasures of this nature she owns a pair of white slippers and a fan that belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and shoes worn by the Empress Josephine and Queen Anne of England.

The queen keeps late hours and rises early. Very little sleep suffices her, five or six hours being her usual allowance. Immediately after breakfast she attends to her correspondence, which is very extensive. After luncheon the queen grants audiences, receives deputations from philanthropic bodies, presides, perhaps, over some charity committee, visits, perhaps, the studio of some artist or sculptor, or perhaps holds a grand reception. About four o'clock, or a little later, she goes for a drive. Returning from the drive she reads for an hour or two, or plays a little, and then sits with the king, in his study until it is time to dress for dinner. There is an armchair by the king's desk specially set apart for her. No one else ever occupies it, and busy as the king may be the queen always spends the hour from six to seven with him. Then comes the dinner, and after that a concert, a ball or reception.

Much as the queen likes the ceremony of royal state she delights in dropping it all when she goes away for the summer holidays. The queen's life changes altogether when she gets to her favorite haunts in Lombardy. "When I take my holidays," she says, "I am not the queen but Marguerite of Savoy." Then she leaves ceremonials behind, and dresses simply in light summer gowns and big straw hats, and goes for walks, rides,

drives, mountain-climbs, often with only one lady in attendance.



In Greece we find for a queen an intelligent and superior-minded woman, who has been a true helper to her husband. Her exemplary conduct as wife and mother has indeed won for her the esteem of even those of her subjects who are opposed to the whole system of royalty. Her appearance has a great charm; she is not pretty, but remarkably graceful, has a brilliant, white complexion and looks far younger than her years. A slight aspect of melancholy but enhances her personal attractions.

Every charitable organization in the Hellenic kingdom owes its origin to Queen Olga and the great hospital in Athens is managed by her in person. Not a day passes that her Majesty accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting does not pass a couple of hours in the hospital, overseeing everything and visiting the sick, especially those of foreign birth who may be lonesome and homesick at finding themselves in a strange country. As an instance of her kindness, she always keeps on hand a supply of earth brought from Russia for the purpose of sprinkling on the coffins of her countrymen who die in Greece. During the Russo-Turkish war she established a course of ambulance lessons for women, and attended them herself in order that she too might learn how to tend the wounded. Her open-handedness is almost proverbial. When the Grecian sovereigns take their holidays, the king turns farmer and the queen becomes a musician and a painter. It is flower-painting that is her forte, and she may be met in the gardens at Corfu copying from nature many of the lovely plants that bloom on that enchanted isle. She arranges her floral pictures with considerable skill, and those graceful bouquets signed "Olga" would easily find a market were their author obliged to strive for her daily bread. She is also famous for her skill in fancy needlework and creates the most curious and beautiful articles.

Lately Queen Olga has become interested in the moral regeneration of criminals and is now at the head of an associa-

tion of women for this purpose. They frequently visit the inmates of the prisons in Athens, giving them religious instruction and a sympathetic attention to their woes.

Latest of all it is very natural to suppose that the queen's, as well as the nation's attention, is involved in the Cretan war affairs.



In Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, we have a sovereign in the very best and richest sense of the word; one of those magnetic presences to whom our hearts go out from the very first; in whom a true and noble womanhood rises above the factitious dignity of royalty. Nor is it only her qualities of heart that make Queen Elizabeth remarkable. Under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva—"the Singer of the Woods"—she has made for herself a certain position in German literature as poet and novelist. Those who have heard Rubenstein's splendid musical composition called the "Sulanute" will not be unprepared to believe that a noble character inspired the musician, and this noble character was none other than the present queen of Roumania. Married in 1868 and accompanying her husband, Prince Charles, to his position as ruler of Roumania, she had to learn the new duty of queenhood as she had been born far from the throne. To know how quickly and how well she learnt it we have only to quote a few lines uttered by the united Roumanians when they rebelled against their state of dependency and in their strength proclaimed themselves a new kingdom. "Look at us now," they said, "Look at our improved commerce, our books printed in all languages of Europe, our schools, our roads, our homes! The security of life and of property! Look at our princess who has founded schools, hospitals, cooking schools, soup kitchens, art galleries and art schools. She has taught our women again to spin, to weave, to embroider, to wear the national costume—she wears it herself. She has given us popular lectures and sanitary laws, she has learned to read and write Roumanian, she has made herself acquainted with the needs of her kingdom."

The Russo-Turkish War, in which Roumania fought for its life-blood, gave her

a fresh occasion for the most noble self-sacrifice. In the dress of a Red Cross nurse the beautiful princess lived in the hospitals, shunning no duty no matter how repellent. Conquering a constitutional aversion to the sight of blood, this noble creature spent her days and nights in attendance on the dying, and on the wounded, until the physicians held their breath in amazement. The old story of Florence Nightingale—the "soldiers kissing her shadow as she passed"—was repeated; and when Roumania had bought a right to assert independence and to proclaim itself a monarchy with her for its queen, the grateful army voted a Memorial Group to their beloved Carmen Sylva. This sculpture represents her in her ambulance dress, tendering a drink of water to a wounded soldier.

Carmen Sylva is a superb musician, and at twilight in the glorious music-room which she has built, she often improvises on her organ. She plays it like a master. Doubtless she needs this consolation much, for there has been great sorrow in her life, always, and especially since the death of her little girl. She has many dreary hours, this queen, many irksome duties to perform, many a part to play with a smiling face when the heart beats heavy within. So from these sad memories she takes refuge at her organ, at her desk, in her poems and in her books. She has a fantastic streak in her many-sided nature, and loves dearly the realm of the Hobgoblins. She has written a queer poem called "Die Hexe," suggested by the statue of a Fair Demon, exhibited in Paris in 1878. Here she ascends into the weird world where Poe reigns supreme. Many of her other writings are full of German romanticism, mythology, fairy lore and demonology. After the death of her child she wrote a book called "Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage." It may interest American readers to know that the first novel she read was Miss Warner's "The Wide, Wide World." As to her reading in general she is said to have acquired Doctor Johnson's art of "tearing out the heart of a book," she reads so rapidly. Her life in many respects fascinates one as being one of romance, of sorrow, and of grand achievements.

Outside court circles few people knew the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Many

Viennese have not even seen her, which is a loss for them, for Elizabeth of Bavaria was very lovely, and has preserved into middle age many remains of youthful charms. She believes in Diane de Poitiers' elixir for perpetual youth—the morning dew. An intrepid horsewoman, she is often in her saddle at dawn, scouring the royal parks. Indeed, it is as a horsewoman, a bold huntress, a lover of dogs, that her Majesty is noted throughout Europe. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that this intrepid amazon was never taught to ride till she was twenty, and already a mother.

To her intense devotion for out-of-door exercise does she owe the beauty which with the same small, round waist of a girl of sixteen, with her splendid hair in three braids around her head, is so remarkable in this mature woman that she is the pride of the stiffest and most ceremonious court of Europe. So determined is she to pursue even her pleasure correctly and well, that she has taken lessons of Mrs. Duckworth the "Queen of Circus Riders," in the art of horsemanship. She can put her hand on the pommel and vault into her saddle. She goes to Ireland every autumn for the hunting, and leaps a five-barred gate and a ditch with the boldest rider to hounds.

For the rest, she has a virtue rare in a woman who shares a throne, of never meddling with politics. Indeed, she openly admits that she neither cares for politics nor understands them, a remark which, when made on one occasion to Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, and member of the Anti-Imperial faction, elicited from him the remark, "It is the highest politics to win the heart of a countryman, and that is what your Majesty knows well how to do." But if the empress keeps away from politics, she loves, on the other hand, to rule her court, and here the emperor leaves her a free hand, allowing his wife the same independence in their home as he allows his ministers in the Cabinet.



Of the German empress it is said that she is not a brilliant woman, nor one who cares to pose as the embodiment of regally queenly splendor, but that she is the model *hausfrau* of Germany. She accord-

ingly embodies the average German's ideal of womanliness. It is said, and one has not heard it denied, that Bismarck picked her out as the future wife of Frederick's eldest son because she was possessed of all the qualities that go to make up a "domestic woman."

The German empress is thirty-five years of age, being about three months older than her husband, to whom she was married in 1881. The strong attachment between the empress and her husband is well known throughout Germany, where "domesticity" in a wife is still considered the highest of the virtues. The emperor has no great admiration for "emancipated women," and even when he was a bachelor he protested that he should prefer a wife with a talent for making jams to one who had an aptitude for discussing the "constitution."

The German empress is not only a woman of rigid punctuality in the performance of every duty that falls to her, but she insists upon punctuality in everybody else. When she gives a wedding present, or sends a birthday gift she is sure to select a clock as her offering. She is an early riser. Every morning, summer or winter, at Berlin or Potsdam, or wherever she may be, she rises at the uncomfortable hour of five, and invariably breakfasts at six. Dinner is served at one o'clock, tea at five, and supper at eight, and it is no uncommon thing for the whole imperial family to be soundly sleeping as early as half past ten P.M.

Augusta Victoria is a good housekeeper; that goes without saying, for she is a German woman. She keeps as close a watch upon the daily details of domestic life within the imperial household as the emperor does upon the affairs of his army or the work of his ministers. Charitable work occupies a good share of her time. She knows everything about the charities of Berlin; but any institution that is devoted to the welfare of children especially interests her, the poor children of the capital being as fond of her as she is of them.

The empress does not care much for "functions;" she prefers domestic quiet to the weariness of State occasions. As all rules have their exceptions, the conspicuous exception to this one is the empress's fondness for participating in the great military manœuvres. She accom-

panies her husband, remains with him in camp and rides in uniform by his side at the splendid reviews. The empress always looks her best on horseback, as she has a perfect seat and is an accomplished equestrienne. In her girlish days at the Schloss Prinkenu she rode almost daily, and riding has always remained her favorite amusement. She is really handsome in her brilliant Cuirassier uniform, which she wears as "honorary colonel" of a regiment. It is in this uniform that she usually appears at the great autumn manoeuvres when accompanying the emperor. She neither slavishly follows fashion nor presumes to set the mode, but dresses simply in the best English taste.



In all the length and breadth of Europe there are no more remarkable sovereigns than those who reign over the little peninsula that lies between the North Sea and the Baltic, called Denmark. King Christian and Queen Louise are in habits, tastes and circumstances so far unlike the other sovereigns of Europe that their lives and homes afford an interesting contrast to tales of royal wealth and pageantry. Their Majesties are two dear old people who care more for home happiness and the contentment of their subjects than for regal splendor, political power and the vain glory of arms. The king was seventy-nine on the eighth of April last. The queen is seven months his senior. They have been married fifty-five years, and their devotion to each other is that of two well-matched you *à* lovers.

This venerable king and queen have had the unique fortune to see their children, and their children's children, become by the conquests of love and peace, and not by those of war, the possessors of, or the heirs to, mighty thrones, claiming dominion from the Pacific Ocean on the one hand to the Atlantic on the other. Their second son is king of Greece; their eldest daughter married the heir to the throne of England; their second daughter became empress of Russia, and her son now wears the Russian crown; their grandchildren have married, or arranged to marry, into most of the reigning families of the old world; and all the chil-

dren who have been born to their Danish Majesties are still living, and happily placed in life.

Queen Louise has an exceptionally bright and quick intelligence, unusual powers of judgment, a highly gifted nature, and a heart of gold. Her graciousness of manner, her kindly looks win the hearts of all who come in contact with her. Her education, her mental gifts would have justified her in taking an active part in public affairs; and perchance she would have saved her husband much annoyance. But she preferred to keep herself in the background, and has claimed instead to rule with all liberty in the royal home. And right wisely has she exerted her sway. That the Danish royal family is so united, that the Danish court is the stock instance of the power of domestic virtue in politics, that few royal houses have made for their children alliances so brilliant, thrown out so many shoots all over Europe, is all due to the queen's goodness, energy, and wisdom.

There are certainly few ladies, even in private life, who at the queen's age lead such a busy, active life as she does. An early riser, her days are fully occupied from morning to night, and she rarely allows herself an idle moment. And besides all her household and representative duties, the queen keeps up an extensive correspondence, for the three married daughters and the absent son, King George of Greece, each expect to be kept *au courant* of all sorts of details concerning their much-loved Danish home.

The queen is further devoted to painting and music, and does all in her power to encourage these arts, in both of which she is no mean proficient. She is perhaps most devoted to painting, admitting herself that, much as she loves music and enjoys playing—indeed, she is an untiring performer—she would always leave that to go and paint, while no one can persuade her to stop painting to go to the piano. More than one poor little village church in Denmark possesses an altarpiece specially painted for it by her Majesty, of which the inhabitants are duly proud, as will readily be understood. She is an appreciative and intelligent listener, for fortunately her deafness does not interfere with her enjoyment of musical

sounds. No concert in Copenhagen seems complete without the queen's presence, and she seldom misses any. All foreign artists who come to Denmark, though they often complain that the Danish audience is a cold one, are delighted at the reception they meet with from the sovereign.

But though devoid of luxury and splendor, there was still no happier, more patriarchal home in the length and breadth of Denmark. This is proved alone by the eagerness shown by all the absent children to come home—sure as they are, too, of always having a most hearty welcome from high and low, rich and poor. The king and queen have no less than thirty-three grandchildren, all of whom, from the most grown-up to the youngest baby are equally fond of both grandparents, and always enchanted to come to Denmark, where they enjoy a life of unlimited freedom. All the various English, Russian, Greek, and Danish cousins are the best of friends.

The last queen in our category is Sophia Wilhelmina, wife of Oscar Second, king of Sweden and Norway. The marked feature of her life is the great care she has bestowed upon the less fortunate of her husband's subjects—the crippled, maimed, sick and weary. Above all, everything bearing on the happiness of children elicits her interest. She holds by the maxim that the world's history is made in the nursery, and first for her own and now for the nation's young ones, she has a tender care. She has her reward in her four stately sons, who are the pride of the country, beloved and respected of all. Her own health of late years has been far from strong, and it is this that gives to her face so pathetic an expression; but she is happy, nevertheless, in her quiet, retiring way; and her counsels are invariably sought and valued by her consort. It would certainly not be easy to find a more worthy family in private or royal life than this of the Bernadotter of Sweden.

CONCEPCION

BY IRENE A. WRIGHT.

SHE was counting the pieces of soiled table linen, and the washer-woman's boy who waited outside thought she was long about it.

"Uno, dos, tres, cuatro—"

She dropped the napkins slowly. To tell the truth her thoughts were far from that pile of soiled clothes.

"Cinco, seis, siete, ocho—"

"Mexicanos, al grito de guerra,
El acero aprestad y el brión."

Concepcion dangled the last napkin from the tips of her slender brown fingers.

"Y retiemble en sus centros la tierra,
Al sonoro rugir del cañon."

It was Guadalupe singing in the garden. She loved to hear him sing the national hymn. The eighth napkin floated down to join its seven brothers and Concepcion forgot there was a whole week's change

of tablecloths and the extras from two dinner parties yet to be counted.

"Cifia, oh patria, tus sienes de oliva
De la paz el arcangel divino—"

"Aye, aye, aye! Are you ever going to count those pieces, muchacha?"

It was the washer-woman's boy roused to a complaint.

"Nueve, diez, once, doce—"

She hurried and the task was completed. She stood looking out across the garden. In the morning sunlight it seemed a gay blanket spread out to air—a jumbled mass of roses, red and yellow and pink, relieved by the deep green of leaves and grass; over and through all the scents of orange blossoms and of the "floripondio."

Guadalupe's song had sunk to a martial murmur but he still held to the air. Concepcion watched him as he bustled himself

in arranging the unruly tendrils of the "madre-selva" that climbed over the garden wall.

He was little and lithe and slender built, Indian all over. She watched his hands as they darted here and there like active, brown lizards among the greenery. Concepcion knew that slim and narrow as those fingers were they had twice the strength of the big white dedos of the American.

She started to find herself comparing the two. Yet in her mind they were always side by side, master and man. Guadalupe and Harvey.

Harvey was the señor of the house; a tall, loose-jointed, thoroughly American American, very different from his widowed mother.

She was an invalid, one of those who revel in complaints and air with pride the vast array of afflictions with which sympathetic doctors accredit them. She lay all day long in her easy-chair and read sombre-bound medical journals. Every twenty-four hours added some complication to her ailments. The son had bought a country house in Mixcoac, a suburb connected with Mexico City by several branches of the District Street Railway. He hoped the flowers and sunshine would bring his complaining mother back to health.

Senator James, the dead father, was "Old Cow-hide Boots" to all Washington. He was a Western man, one who had come up by brains alone, from a miner's post to a position of honor in Congress. Though much polished by society he had never quite lost that easy freedom of speech and action that marks those born west of the Mississippi.

And this son—vice consul-general to Mexico—was his father's own photograph. He was like him, too, in his western ways, and in his absolute disregard for all class barriers.

Concepcion stood comparing Harvey and Guadalupe, the gardener. Concepcion was but the chamber-maid.

"I like her face, Harvey," Mrs. James had said. "She's capable and willing, and I believe she's honest."

"I like her face, tamblen; I'd rather have a half competent but pretty servant, than a wholly capable ugly one. By Jove, I've got an eye for the beautiful ma."

Mrs. James looked keenly at her long-limbed son stretched on the sofa, but he was watching the circles of cigarette smoke above his head and missed her glance. And while he watched the scattering dim blue mist it resolved itself into a face—a fair, brown face, with eyes dark and downcast, a red mouth, well arched above the sensitive, drooping corners, the broad, proud forehead, crowned with masses of straight, black hair.

Concepcion, as she stood in the doorway watching the gardener, was almost as beautiful as his dream had been. And Concepcion was going to marry Guadalupe. Oh, no, there was no doubt about that. It had been settled when she still swung from her mother's back in the rebozo. At that time Guadalupe was just big enough to be trusted to the village store for pulque.

"Pronto chula, get your work done and we'll walk in the plaza to-night."

Guadalupe swung a familiar hand down on her shoulder and with a tightening grip of his long, brown fingers held her when she would have shrunk from him. She submitted to his caresses. She would soon be Guadalupe's wife.

"I'm going to buy you a new ring, chiquita, with a brillante twice as big as those the señora wears."

"Caramba, Nombre de Dios! Where in the devil is that confounded butler?"

It was Harvey, swearing in murdered Spanish. But he was not angry; he never got angry with his inferiors.

"Ya voy!" came the answer from the servants' quarters and when in the course of five or ten minutes Ignacio rushed past in obedience to the summons, Guadalupe was trimming the orange-trees and Concepcion was down on her knees cleaning the tiled corridor.

Harvey stood in the dining-room door waiting for breakfast. He rammed his hands down into his pockets and watched Concepcion at work.

"I say, Conchita, is that a regular job of yours?"

"No, señor, but—"

"Where's that good for nothing mozo, anyhow? You get up off your knees and let him do the scrubbing."

Concepcion obeyed. Guadalupe's shears clicked sullenly.

"Oyes, oyes, Julio!"

Julio was the mozo, porter, man of all work.

"Harvey," called his mother's voice, roused to a command, "Julio is busy. Concepcion, go on with your work."

Harvey whistled softly. He looked at the girl and an amused smile stretched the corners of his handsome, clear cut mouth. Concepcion burned red under the brown skin and her eyes were fixed on the blue and white tiles at her feet. Mrs. Harvey had spoken in Spanish and she understood—fully.

Harvey turned into his mother's room and the next half hour he sat before her like a scolded schoolboy while she lectured him upon "the everlasting fitness of things." Mrs. James was a Boston woman; for fifteen years her husband had been the puzzle of her life and now her son was proving a more complicated edition of that same puzzle. When she had done, Harvey James's thoughts were jogging along a road they had never before travelled—and they found it easy journeying.

Ignacio was held in great admiration among the other servants for Ignacio could understand English. If Ignacio had not understood English—but then, he did.

In Mexican houses every room opens into the other and sound passes easily through the thin wooden doors. Moreover, Concepcion slept with her ear almost against the inch wide crack between the floor and the door that led into Ignacio's room. Maxmilliana, the cook, stretched her blankets against the opposite wall—Concepcion and she shared the room—but any way, Maxmilliana fought all sound away from her own ears by her snoring. Thus it happened that Concepcion heard it all.

Concepcion, as she ate in silence her tortillas and frijoles in the kitchen at noon, had heard Harvey and his mother in earnest conversation. Then Harvey had told the butler not to wait supper for him as he would not be home before midnight. Concepcion thought, too, Ignacio's eyes grew cunning. She was sure, after what she heard through the door that night.

It was eleven before any sound broke the stillness sleep laid upon the quinta. A single ray of light streamed out across the garden from the room where Mrs. James awaited her son.

Then a board creaked under her head and Concepcion listened. Some one was moving in Ignacio's room.

"Dios mio, it's dark." Guadalupe's voice.

"Callate la boca! Don't you know there are ears in the next room?"—that was Ignacio.

"Are you sure you understood it well?" Guadalupe's voice was anxious.

"For the four hundredth time, let me tell you exactly what he said." Ignacio's whisper grew proud. He could understand English. "He told his mother at dinner—"

A gust of wind blew a handful of rattling leaves against the outside door and for a moment completely drowned the voice in the next room. Concepcion pressed her ear to the crack.

"And that he would have to bring the money out here. In that case, it would be impossible for him to reach here before twelve. So he told his mother."

"But how does he come? There are no cars after eight thirty between Mexico and Mixcoac."

"He comes in a special."

"It will be guarded."

"No. His mother urged him to get a gendarme but he would none of it. He said the money came so unexpectedly that none but he and el señor Ministro knew of it. It will seem he is but returning late from the Legation."

"But—"

"Dulce San José! Ni que but ni que but! The odds are ours—two prepared against two unprepared—you against the driver, I against the American. Come, vamonos!"

Concepcion heard the board creak again under her head. Their door closed softly. She sprang up and while her hastening fingers fastened her ungainly cotton gown her mind was struggling to decide some plan of action. It was robbery, yes. "Two prepared against two unprepared." Concepcion knew what that meant.

She opened the door and stepped out. Maxmilliana snored on. The wind blew in strong, uneven gusts and the cutting chill rallied Concepcion. She drew the flapping ends of her rebozo tighter about her. How was she to leave the house? Not by the street door. The porters wakened at the slightest rasp of its heavy bolts and chains; he would never let her

pass. Not through the orchard gate; Guadalupe held the key. She measured the garden wall; it did not offer one foothold in all its ten-foot height. The roof! It was flat; she could run over the rooftops and joining garden walls to the end of the block and jump.

She climbed the narrow stairs that led up; she crept along and swung down onto the back garden wall. All seemed clear, the roofs and walls were unbroken to the end of the block. The wind puffed in sudden whirls, and the boughs from the orchard trees caught in her hair and loosened it from its coil; the long strands switched in her face and cut like a whip lash. She was half over. So far the garden walls had been flat and a good foot in width, but here the owner, with a view to protecting his loaded fig-trees, had raised the wall like an inverted V on top and sewed the mortar thick with bits of broken glass and china. The long, thin bricks projected beyond the V an inch each side. Concepcion prayed to her patron saint that those bricks might hold. The blood ran from the cuts in her hands for in the darkness she could not choose the places to grasp for balance. At last the end! Concepcion held to the wall and lowered herself as far as possible, then let go and dropped.

The force of the fall threw her to the ground, but she was up in a moment. She had lit squarely on her feet and even in her excitement she was conscious of a dim ache in her back and a strange buzzing in her head.

She turned north along the car line toward Mexico. It was by this track he was coming. She ran with all her might. San Juan de los Pinos was passed; all was dark and quiet there. She reached the half mile of prairie open that lies between San Juan and Tacubaya. Here they meant to waylay him—there was not a house within sight or call. Fear sped her on. Now came the high embankment just at the entrance to Tacubaya. His car was coming and coming fast! She could hear the rattle of the mule's hoofs against the cobble stones. How was she to warn him? The driver would never stop for her!

The car rounded into view, a noisy, flaring speck of light in the darkness. The mules were stretched on a hard run and the driver was plying his whip.

Concepcion braced herself. She looked once down the embankment. If the mules swerved ever so little from the middle course she would be hurled down into the darkness.

The car sped past in a whirlwind of dust but as it went Concepcion grasped the iron hand railing and sprang up. Her foot just reached the lower step and the speed threw her forward across the platform.

The driver staggered.

"*María Purísima!*"

She seemed some evil spirit blown up out of the night.

The mules were unhitched, fastened to the other end of the car and they rattled back into Tacubaya. Harvey had decided to go no farther that night. They drew up in the station to wait the morning.

Concepcion had shrunk into her rebozo. It was done, but what about herself so far from home—alone?"

"Adios, señor. I must go back."

"Go back!" Harvey sat her down in the corner again. "Go back? Alone—in this pitch dark? Great Scott, girl!"

"Adios, señor. I must go."

Harvey was too slow. She had jumped from the car.

"Mexican customs again. She would have been lost to the world forever if she had stayed here like any reasoning creature. I hope she gets home. I rather admire her for sticking up for what she believes is right. Brave little soul!"

"Harvey, how inconsiderate you can be! I waited until midnight—you did not come, and I have paced these corridors until now. And night air is full of fever."

"I say, where's Concepcion?"

Mrs. James stiffened. So that was his greeting after six hours' weary watch.

"I am glad to say, Harvey, she is no longer in my employ. The portero found her at the outside door at daybreak, evidently able to stagger no farther, in from some low debauch—"

"Mother, has she gone yet?"

"Not yet, but she is packing up her things and—"

Harvey heard no more. He found Concepcion tying up her little bundle of trinkets and clothes as neatly as her poor cut fingers would permit.

Mrs. Harvey sank into a medicinal journal to drown there her indignation.

"I say, ma. Conception and I are going to get married. Ever since that day you scolded so I *have* fancied she was an awful nice girl. And then, when a young lady saves a fellow's life he's sort of honor bound to marry her. At least, ac-

cording to all the novels I ever read, he is, and last night——"

There is dust on the medicinal journals. Mrs. James says grandchildren are "dear little bothers," and they have to be taken care of.

FOLLOWING THE MUSE

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

BY the table at which he was seated, strewn as it was with manuscripts, proofs and writing tools, you could have recognized the literary man, by the sumptuousness of the apartment and the richness of his dress, the successful one.

An exclamation of disgust escaped him. "Bah! I cannot write! What skill I had is gone. Was there ever a more imbecile string of words than this story here? But it will be accepted,—the worse the tale, the higher the price, when one has a name. That's the curse of it all. Bah!"

The over-worked scribe gazed upon vacancy. His truant eyes, after staring in parallel lines, converged upon a newspaper item.

"Belgrave Harrison, teacher of music."

The type was small; evidently, this was a poor man's advertisement.

"Belgrave Harrison," mused the reader. "Can that be my old college mate? I believe I will hunt him up. Heavens! what an address. He must have come to grief to live there."

The speaker donned overcoat and hat. A cab carried him far east to the studio of the musician. It differed from the study of the author, in every particular. Squalid, dirty, mean,—these were epithets most appropriate. As there was no bell, the visitor knocked. As there was no response, he entered.

"I did not know you were in New York, Harrison, or I would have come before. Are your ears sealed by Morpheus, or by the Muse?"

The pale tenant started, recognized his old friend and greeted him warmly. His radiant expression threw the environment into sombre relief. For an hour they chatted pleasantly.

"Play something for me," said the visitor, at length.

There are two ways of owning a grand

piano. One, is to buy it. The other is to master it. By the latter method, Belgrave Harrison had purchased the only luxurious article in the room. Its body was the slave of a merchant—its soul, the bride of a *virtuoso*, who regarded it as the Arab regards his horse. Your true musician never forgets himself so far as to neglect his instrument.

Perfect execution cannot be described. One can only state its effects. Now, before the last mellow note had sung the wire to sleep, the men had exchanged parts. It was as if two comedians had traded masks. A great inconsistency disappeared, and the wearers fitted their clothes. The auditor became a picture of delight; the pianist's forehead, as wrinkled as his coat.

"I have to keep this," said he, indicating the instrument, "on account of my pupils."

"Keep it? I should think you would. But why don't you keep a lot more of things,—busts, pictures, and bric-a-brac? To think of a man who can play as you can, burying himself in this hole! By Jove, you ought to be housed in luxury. I would give my right hand for the half of your genius."

Each looked enviously at the other, while the musician replied: "What do you know of my genius? You have only heard me play."

"What else do you do?"

"I write."

"Good. Let me hear some of your pieces."

"I did not say that I composed, though, of course, I have put together a sonata or two. But look at that desk."

It was a sorry pine affair. In one corner, lay a heap of half legible sketches, each enclosed in a piece of brown paper, folded once. On this cover was written

a list of the publications to which it had been sent, with the dates.

"These are the rough duplicate copies," exclaimed the owner. "The originals are abroad."

"And what is this?"

"A scrap-book of rejected manuscript slips."

It contained specimens from almost every well known periodical in the United States.

"And you have more than half given up your music, trying to follow my profession?"

"Yes, I would rather stand where you stand than in the shoes of Beethoven."

The words of this apostasy echoed from the walls, as if they were endeavoring to escape. The friend of the musician choked with astonishment.

"This is sheer madness," he said.

"True, unless I win."

"And if you win, what then? You would be a Thackeray drawing pictures, at best. Let me tell you. Just before I came here, I finished an execrable little sketch, yet it will command more dollars than you appear to earn in a year. But it is all a sham. I tell you, literature is a trade, a humbug."

"Are you sincere? A famous author, and yet unhappy? Why, even I, in my little garret here, am not wretched. I cannot get a line published, and, were it not for the few pupils my nimble fingers have attracted, I would starve. And yet, sometimes, when an idea comes and submits to expression, it seems as if the very heavens were opening."

"Do you feel that,—the ecstasy of inspiration? My God! And have not I felt it, too? It is the purest joy in life, but will never be mine again. No, no. I will tell you how it is. I used to weep tears of delight over my earlier efforts. That was in the days when fortune gave me the cold shoulder. Finally, I caught the trick. And now, it is rack brains for an idea, and when the faintest shadow of one appears, scribble, scribble, scribble until heart is sick. Then, to post; and, by

return mail, a fat check for the pains. But I tell you, I would give twice the gain for half of the loss."

"Frank," interrupted the listener, "will you read some of my things?"

It was a supreme moment. The experienced eye skimmed rapidly over the pages.

"Of course you have ideas, but the style is as I feared."

"Is it so bad, then?"

"No, it is so good. Some confounded editor will, by and by, accept a manuscript, and the world will lose an artist. You will be sure to succeed."

"And what would you have me do?"

"Burn these stories. Devote yourself to your natural art. Be a great pianist—instead of a hack writer."

"What if I should become more than a hack?"

"Impossible. No one is allowed two talents of the highest order. You are too great a musician to make a superlative writer. The unattainable has charms, and because it is possible to reach eminence in one profession, you prefer to grovel in another. If all you desire is to see yourself published in a second rate magazine, my influence is sufficiently potent, and at your service."

The sayings of the man of letters took root in the mind of the man of notes. He saw himself "damned by faint praise." Formerly, success had seemed so distant and so alluring. Now, it was near at hand,—and mean.

"Shall I publish one of your manuscripts, Belgrave?"

For answer, the musician flung the whole pile into the grate.

"Bravo! That is the best bit of action I have seen in years. If you will do the like to the originals, when they are returned, I shall be prouder than Lucifer."

The victor descended the stairs, humming as much of the recently performed nocturne as he could remember.

Above, might have been heard his friend, practising scales.



LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Grace Rutter.

THE above tailor-made gown is of light brown broadcloth with a three gored plain skirt, lined throughout with green taffeta silk and finished at the bottom with a hem and rows of stitching. The skirt is cut with a narrow front gore and broad circular sides, making a seam in the middle of the back where the fulness is gathered into a small space, the sides folding over to meet on the tournure. The jacket is a short, round one, lined with the same material as the skirt, and having loose fronts buttoned under a fly, and a tight fitting

back, cut flat with no fulness, and with small coat sleeves. The collar, revers and pocket laps are finished with stitching same as the skirt. The neck dress consists of a white linen chimesette and collar and cuffs, with a regulation four-in-hand filling in the throat for a tie. The hat is a brown straw one, the back poked up considerably with a cachepergire of dark nasturtiums. Around the crown it is finished with folds of brown taffeta ribbon out of which stand three brown quills. Canary glacé kid gloves, stitched with black complete the costume.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Margaret Mather.

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THE gown in which Miss Margaret Mather is presented is of lilac face-cloth, with a seven-gored skirt, fitted without a crease on the front and hips, the fulness being gathered behind into the space of an inch. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed all round with violet satin ribbon, applique in festoons and bow knots. The basque bodice is cut with loose front, which fastens at the side. The front and bottom of the basque are trimmed the same as the skirt, with

lace and violet satin ribbon applique in bow knots. The sleeves of violet silk crêpe are made with short puffs, the lower part being shirred to the wrist and lined with silk. Bow knots of cream escurial lace, form the epaulettes, while the crush collar is of violet velvet. The millinery is a turban of soft black satin straw trimmed with black and cream lace. A Prince of Wales tip is fastened at the side with jewelled buckle.

LIVING FASHION PLATES



Miss Annie Iredell.

MISS Iredell's costume is of brown and white mixed Scotch tweed, with skirt of three gores finished at the hem with three rows of stitching and a lining of silk. The jacket is a short Eton one with wide revers, and edged with light brown braid. A double breasted vest of brown broadcloth and a pink pique chemisette with white

stripes together with the standing double fold collar and bow tie, complete the accessories. For an over-wrap we have a dark brown broadcloth cape, fastened with four pointed tabs and a wide, flaring collar, faced with brown velvet. The hat is a soft, round one of brown, trimmed with quills and fancy silk cord.



Dr. Jules Sauver, whose office, in Paris, is not a stone's throw from the Champs-Élysées, is engaged upon a book which he expects to create a considerable stir in the world. It is based upon the outcome of an accidental discovery, while engaged in microscopical investigations, many years ago. His subsequent experiments, in connection with other scientific enthusiasts whom he has gathered about him, have convinced him of the following things. First, That every human thought, hope, desire, passion and emotion, is entirely generated by the chemical elements in man, and that these things have no origin other than this. Second, That there is not a single metal, mineral, fluid or gas, either in the earth or in its atmosphere, which does not to some degree exist in every human being. Third, That the natures of all men having a purely chemical basis, it is impossible for any human being to experience any change of climate, temperature or weather, without some temperamental effect therefrom. Fourth, That all affections and friendships are the result of harmonious chemical blendings and conditions, between the persons concerned, while all their hatreds and other animosities are entirely caused by the antagonism of these chemical particles for each other. Fifth, That the reason why so many married people grow weary of each other is not at all attributable to fickleness, nor to weakness of character, but simply to an exhaustion of the chemical elements which attracted them to each other; and, consequently, that a high grade of lasting love is only possible when the parties to it have precisely the same chemical qualities and particles, and in exactly the same relative proportion. Sixth, That marital unfaithfulness is entirely owing to a sufficient exhaustion of the chemical qualities, which originally attracted the man to the woman concerned to each other, to permit either to become dominated by the stronger and more harmonious chemical vibrations of some third person.

The doctor and his associates are very positive that they can prove all of the

foregoing, and that they can also demonstrate that all varieties of crime and misdeed are purely chemical phenomena. Moreover, by the use of a magnifying apparatus which is very different from any microscope in common use, they believe that they will be able to demonstrate the existence of the human soul. They stoutly declare that they will experience no more difficulty in proving the accuracy of these assertions than they would have in convincing any person of ordinary intelligence of the value of steam and electricity as propulsive forces. After all the volumes that French cynics and atheists have written to discourage belief in the existence of the soul, it would be very much like the irony of Fate to have the scientific proof of its existence really come from France!



Miniature reference books are a need of this busy age, when no one has the patience, and few persons have the time to explore a number of massive volumes every time an insignificant fact is being pursued, and it is strange that American publishers have not more generally recognized this and acted accordingly. Among the ponderous and over-complete dictionaries, encyclopædias and gazetteers of the day, the output of this country is unsurpassed; but until recently no small and handy works of this kind could be had in America which were not importations, or foreign reprints. In France, England and Germany there has for a long time been a constantly-growing abundance of these convenient and useful "bifjous;" but all of them have been expensive to bring here, and none have been sufficiently clear and complete in home subjects, to be of much use in the United States. Shrewdly recognizing this fact, the Chicago publishing house of Laird & Lee has just brought out, in five small, compact and handsome volumes, the "Pony Reference Library." It not only consists of a dictionary, an encyclopædia and an atlas, but it likewise makes

clear no end of chemical and other scientific puzzles and processes, fully explains everything pertaining to banking and commercial methods, defines general business and civil law, gives invaluable chronological and labor-saving tables, and is, in short, a hitherto unsurpassed mine of condensed knowledge and information of all sorts, both ordinary and extraordinary. They are not only the best set of miniature desk and library-table books extant, but are a liberal education in and of themselves. What is equally pleasing, they represent purely American enterprise, though they are by no means any more restricted to American than to any other subjects. It may be a trite phrase, but in the present case it is incontestably true, as well, to say that "everybody needs them." It is a genuine pleasure to be able to commend such a worthy conception, so well carried out.



In his "Hours With Famous Parisian," Stuart Henry does some very pleasant chatting about many very interesting people, much of which is intensely amusing. Not a few persons there are who will disagree with some of his opinions of Paul Verlaine, Daudet, Coppee, Zola, Anatole France, Bourguereau and others, but no one will deny that he has written an enjoyable book. In most ways he "knows his Paris" well, and has had the courage to speak frankly out about it.



An uninformed, though perhaps well-meaning writer states that among his other sagacious performances, S. S. McClure originated *Outing*, the well-known magazine of out-door sports and recreation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This magazine was founded by William B. Howland, a skilled journalist from northern New York, who published it at a profit, at Albany, N. Y., for two years before it was brought to Boston and combined with *The Wheelman*, which was the organ of the Columbia bicycle and under the editorial management of Mr. McClure. *The Wheelman*, however, was never a paying property, neither before nor after it became *Outing* and *The Wheel-*

man, as the two magazines were dubbed on being merged. Shortly after this union, the second name of the transformed periodical and Mr. McClure were dropped. By this time Mr. Howland's disgust with new and unexpected conditions caused him to retire from *Outing*, the land of the living, with backgrounds magazine was purchased by Poultney Bigelow, who took it to New York, where he sank more money in it than he could afford to lose. When he was properly discouraged, he closed it out, at an amusingly low figure to Dr. J. H. Worman, ex-editor of the *Daily Saratogian*, of Saratoga, N. Y., and the author of a series of language instruction-books. Under his guidance, the same as under that of Mr. Howland, *Outing* has been a good investment. The reason why it was such a dismal failure under the McClure regime is probably because at that time Mr. John S. Phillips, who is the actual brains of all of the McClure enterprises, was not so unrestrainedly in evidence as he has been in the case of his employer's later ventures.



Should some of the recent apologists for Russia happen to read Jonas Stadling's "In the Land of Tolstol," they would probably slink away into the nearest place of concealment and never again emerge therefrom; for here, in minute and ghastly detail, is fearlessly disclosed the cruelty, heartlessness and selfishness of the Russian government and its minions, the fanaticism of its priesthood, and the all-round degradation of its church in general ways. Altogether, it is a most awful recital of horrors, bearing the unmistakable stamp of truth in its every citation, and making it to some extent possible for earth's more civilized peoples to believe Russia capable of upholding the trickiness of the Chinese and the shameful brutalities of the Turks.



Delightful, indeed, are the memories of Nathaniel Hawthorne's village life, as set forth in the latest book by his daughter, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. There are too few such books, dealing with the sweet and simple lives of

America's greatest writers, and a pity it is; for their importance to the young people who are now growing up can hardly be exaggerated.



Ever since the days when Sidney Lusk wrote his "Land of Love," the Latin Quarter, in Paris, has been a point of more than ordinary interest to art-and-romance-loving Americans—not that this picturesque tract was at all unknown to the people of this country previous to his time, but because Lusk, somehow, quickened and intensified the general appreciation of it here. That was ten years ago. Since then a considerable number of stories and sketches, pitched in this key, have appeared in the various magazines and other periodicals, and the lamented Du Maurier has more recently charmed the English-speaking world with "Trilby." All these authors, though, have written of an ideal Latin Quarter; one which existed so far back in the past that the glamour of time had softened all memories of it, or one which never had any existence, except in some dreamer's fancy. It has been left for Mr. John W. Harding, in "An Art Failure," to treat the Quarter as it really is and for a long time has been. In confining himself to the truth, however, he has by no means been realistic to the point of dealing solely with unlovellness. Nothing could be more charming than the delicacy and simplicity of the idyllic portions of this story, nor could anything be more pathetic than the deft portrayal of such miseries and privations as are the portion of every person who without due financial equipment enters this field, where the gleaners are so many and the possible consoling grains but few. There is no ice-water in the veins of the people who move through the pages of "An Art Failure;" it is actual blood; and they say and do the very things which are said and done by the luckless ones who are constantly being caught in the pitiless meshes of the Latin Quarter net. It is a capital, a fascinating story, such as Mr. Harding's experiences as editor of the *Galignani Messenger*, and as the friend and associate of everybody in Paris worth knowing, has particularly qualified him to write. In style it is clear, terse and

breezy, with much phrasing which is both artistic and striking. F. T. Neely is the lucky publisher.



The legal custodians of the posthumous documentary remains of Lord and Lady Byron have decided that no more of the letters and other papers pertaining to the squabbles of this mysterious pair are to be published. It is quite as well to let the dead rest in at least the peace of silence. There are enough persons, still in the land of the living, with backgrounds sufficiently shady to furnish an abundance of toothsome scandals for those who delight to wallow in such things; and, sadly enough, some of these, like Byron, are writers of verse—such as it is.



For the eldest daughter of Eugene Field, the dead poet and wit, to give public readings from her father's compositions, is not only a pretty way of keeping a charming memory fresh and green, but likewise proves how easily a talented and cultured girl may drive the wolf from an impoverished family—provided she have the requisite amount of courage. Miss Shillaber, and two or three others, are said to be about emulating the example of Miss Field. They might easily do worse.



British misrule and rascality, in South Africa, have been so vigorously rebuked by Olive Schreiner, in her new novel, "Trooper Peter Halket," that the tribute of suppression has been paid to it by the English government. Other publications which the queen's representatives have "suppressed" have only had their sale increased and their circulation extended by this process, and there is no reason for believing that Miss Schreiner's book will prove an exception to this rule. It is much the same as having a book of Zola's frowned upon by the pope.



A great many old and middle-aged men, who were having their wild and un-

limited "fling," from twenty to thirty years ago, and who, for a considerable period, have been advising and admonishing the younger generations against vice in the abstract, as if they, these "antiques," had always lived the lives of saints, are now overcome with crimson confusion. Emily Soldene, an old-time actress and operatic star, has written a book of reminiscences which gives enough names and dates, with illuminative incidents, to make it very clear that the morals of a quarter of a century ago were quite as picturesque as they are to-day. According to Miss Soldene, a large number of men who in recent years have distinguished themselves with fervent and energetic protestations against "the pace that kills," used to amble along the same with the swiftest impatience, in her zenith-days. The book is brilliantly written, but all its sparkling is with the kind of wit which crowds the impassable barrier to the point of causing friction.



It is not easy to guess why "If We Only Knew, and Other Poems," has been risked in type by the young Englishman who calls himself Cheiro. In style, these rhymed musings strike one as an unreasoning and inharmonious mixture of Lord Byron, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and George R. Sims. The effect is grotesquely unpleasant; it is too much like an indiscriminate throwing together of several kinds of new and raw wines and liquors; there are odor and color and strength, galore; but they make utter unpalatability. Cheiro is palmist, whose analyses and prophecies have, so it is said, won him the applause of some of the most distinguished people in England and America. If so, he should stick well to this particular last; for he surely can not know less about reading palms than he does about writing poetry.



For that large and ever-growing class of persons which wants to master conversational French, at a trifling expense, and without the bother of leaving home to be instructed, there is at last a truly royal road to such laudable achievement.

This consists of the Berlitz "Verb Drill," and the "Cortina Method" of self-instruction. It would be a very stupid person, indeed, who could not, in the spare moments which come dally to every one, learn to speak French fluently and accurately, in six months, by the proper use of this brace of admirable books. They are in every sense practical, and likewise interesting; which is more than can be said of the thousand-and-one "systems," by Tom, Dick and Harry, which are now so extensively advertised, by persons whose sole purpose is to make money.



The great mass of Napoleonic literature, which has been accumulating so rapidly of late years, has just been further augmented by the "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot," of which nothing praiseworthy can be said, excepting that it is well written. There is not even a single opinion or incident in it, of any earthly consequence, which has not already been reduced to type.



In the far-off Abruzzi, over against the Adriatic, is the home of Gabriele d'Annunzio, a young Italian, who writes as if he had run the whole gamut of life, youth though he still is. Strange to say, he is not at all cynical or blasé. On the other hand, from the pursuit of vice he has turned to the worship of beauty. His ponderings on the shams, shames and miseries of this world's great cities have convinced him that in all persons such high and good things exist, as would, if suitably fostered and encouraged, overcome selfishness in all its forms and do away with baseness altogether. To this end all his present books are being written, and the entire world is beginning to listen to him, as if it were eager for his lessons and messages of kindness, forbearances, compassion and love in its unselfish phases. He fondly dreams that the dawning of this day is near at hand, and that his efforts are speeding its coming; so he holds himself to be the happiest writer alive. Perhaps he is right. Anyway, he is writing lines which are likely to live after his very name is forgotten.